



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AND MISS WINIFRED LILLY AS LORD AND LADY WINDERMERE.



"Lady Windermere's Fan" & The Further Teaching of Oscar Wilde

AESTHETICISM, as we once knew it, is a thing of the past. Not that it is altogether extinct, but its more pronounced eccentricities have been abandoned. The limp figure, the unsteady carriage, and the dreamy gaze have disappeared. The silken hose and knee breeches, the shapeless gowns, and all the mysterious apparel which distinguished the æsthete, have been laid by for the season of Theatricals and Tableaux Vivants, and the disciples of higher culture no longer consider it necessary to advertise their creed in any very violent outward and visible form. It is well so, for as presented to us it was essentially too un-English to last. One of our most pronounced national characteristics is conventionality, and if a man is not conventional in his habits and appearance he must be prepared for comment or ridicule, according to the extent of his transgression. What then, indeed, must a man expect who presents himself to the vulgar gaze arrayed in a costume of ruby plush, the proportions of his calves displayed in silken texture of the same unpretending hue, and wearing a collar such as that in which the heart of the charcoal minstrel is popularly supposed to delight? To imagine that he will be allowed to calmly

parade himself day after day in such attire is wildly absurd.

Public opinion demands, threateningly demands, some recognition, and public opinion and æstheticism are elements which it would be about as difficult to harmonise as fire and water. I so well remember the only occasion upon which I was so fortunate as to discover, in one of our most public thoroughfares, a genuine specimen of an æsthete of the sterner sex. Not that he looked very stern, poor creature; he rather seemed to be humbly invoking the paving stones to open and swallow him up, or may be vowing, once being delivered from the stare of the multitude, never again to fly in the face of a critical public. He wore a pensive and melancholy smile, and clutched in his nervous hands, which he held on a level with his breast, a sunflower blossom. His costume, which I have endeavoured to portray in a sketch, was of thin silk. It was black, and consequently not so obtrusive as those of his more gay and festive brethren; but it was sufficiently unconventional to attract a considerable following of rude boys, and, not unnaturally, curious individuals, who evidently regarded the affair as some kind of advertisement, and expected every moment a shower of handbills setting forth the unequalled merits of a patent medicine or a complexion soap.

But it must not be supposed that there was in æstheticism nothing but these

absurdities. There was, unquestionably, beneath the surface of it all a motive power the tendency of which was essentially right, and which, directed into proper channels, had the possibilities of effecting much by making common things and ordinary surroundings pleasing to a refined taste.

It was the personality of Oscar Wilde which gave to æstheticism what vitality

was somewhat exclusive, he is now rapidly becoming better known. "The Picture of Dorian Gray," perhaps the most attractive of his books, is strong in its imaginativeness, clever in its dialogue, fascinating as a story, and above all, powerful in its moral teaching.

Oscar Wilde as a teacher of morality! why the people who think of him as the languid youth of sunflowers and poetry, they who fancied he had all chaff and no wheat in his literary garner, scoff at the idea. Let me commend to them this sermon of the flesh lusting against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh; I'll promise them they won't sleep over it.

Then, in contrast, here is a little volume of stories included under the title of "Lord Arthur Saville's Crime."

The humour of the professional funny man is a different kind of humour altogether to the quaint fun of "The Canterville Ghost," the second story in the volume, I believe. It makes you scream again, when you imagined it was serious for a moment, and finishes up with the sweetest little touch of pathos imaginable. These stories are all pleasing, all tinged deeply with the originality of Oscar.

Oscar Wilde makes originality a fine art, carries it to an extreme, and is apparently often prompted in what he does purely and simply by the fact that no one else acts in the same way. I really believe, too, that sometimes he acts as he does just to give his critics a chance, and it is so amusing to see how immediately they rise to the smallest bait and give themselves

away. He wrote a good play—like all good plays, not altogether without defects. When, however, the critic nibbled the end of his pen and ransacked his fertile brain for something bitter to give to the boy who was waiting for copy, it was not upon these defects that he seized as a rod of chastisement, so much as the fact that at the close of the performance the author had dared to



HE WORE A PENSIVE AND MELANCHOLY SMILE.

it had, and when he wisely modified some of his eccentricities his disciples very quickly followed suit. It was soon after he left Oxford, where at Magdalen he had won the Newdigate Prize, that the outside world first became conscious of the fact that, although influenced to some extent by the teaching of Mr. Whistler, Oscar Wilde was a most original thinker and writer; and, although at first his audience

appear before the footlights to address his audience with the fragrant fumes still rising from a cigarette which he held between his fingers. His critics have literally yelled with rage over this incident. Oscar has languidly smiled, and the admiring public has murmured, "What a charming man!"

In writing of "Lady Windermere's Fan" I feel a considerable amount of consolation in the fact that I am not writing as a critic: the opinions I offer are those of an occasional playgoer, and my purpose is not to say, "This is a just estimate of the worth of the play," but to endeavour to revive in the memory of the reader, the story and some of the incidents of a play which has doubtless pleased us both.

"Lady Windermere's Fan" might be described as an every-day story, beautifully told. Oscar Wilde had at his disposal all the playwright's property of unusual incident—bank failures, detectives, murders, forgeries—but he has avoided them all, and the result is that, not being distracted with all these nightmare concoctions of the dramatist, we find ourselves better able to appreciate the clever dialogue and the rare wit with which the play abounds. The rise of the curtain discovers a reception-room in the residence of Lord Windermere. The scene is pleasing in the extreme.

Lady Windermere is discovered arranging roses, and as she daintily groups them a visitor is announced, and Lord Darlington enters the room.

Lord Darlington is the villain of the play—that is to say, a villain by contrast, and, for want of anybody worse, acts in that capacity.

Obviously with some intent, he now turns the conversation to the light in which the world regards, to the light in which Lady Windermere herself regards, those indications of frailty in

humanity which society politely overlooks in man, but for the mere suspicion of which a woman, even with the laxity of our nineteenth century notions, is branded and ignored. Lady Windermere's early training has been in the hands of relatives of Puritanical views, and the principles which she has imbibed have been Puritanical; she admits of no compromise: sin should have its own reward of banishment; sinners, regardless of sex, should be moral lepers, passed by on the other side.

The arrival of further visitors, the Duchess of Berwick and her charming daughter, turns the current of the conversation from its interesting channel to a side stream of small talk.



Lord Darlington having left and the tractable maiden having been sent out on the balcony to look at the sunset, the Duchess broaches the subject which has evidently been the purpose of her call. It is almost amusing—just a little sad at times, perhaps—to listen to this woman of the world advance good motive in breathing scandal; to watch her undermine the faith of a devoted wife in a good husband, proffering sympathy, yet gloating over the misery, and endeavouring in the end to gloss over the enormity of the imputed transgression by advancing the fact of the commonness of the fault.

It is a Mrs. Erlynne, a woman of unknown antecedents and doubtful connections, with whom the name of Lord Windermere is discreditably associated; suggestions are thrown out of luxurious living at Lord Windermere's expense; time devoted to her company; and the Duchess at last leaves her victim with an agony of doubt battling with the simple faith in her husband's steadfastness, which hitherto has never known a shade. At first she endeavours to throw the suspicion from her as a thing unworthy, but doubt is tenacious, and at times the more unreasonable it is the more difficult it is to remove.

The bank-book will dispose of the question, and feverishly she turns over page by page, murmuring, in her excitement, the names amongst which she fails to find the one she seeks.

With an exclamation and a sigh of relief she closes the book; but as she returns it to its place in her husband's desk she finds another, marked "private" and bound with a locked clasp. Here is food for doubt, indeed, and all the ugly fears she thought disposed of spring once more

into being. The fastening is torn away, and there page after page bears silent witness to what she has no reason to believe is other than a guilty record. It is in this stupor of despair that Lord Windermere finds her; the blanched face, the torn book lying at her feet, tell their own story, and as is natural to a man who has been filched of a secret, innocent or guilty, his first thought and his first words are those of annoyance. No man under the circumstances could possibly look innocent unless prepared with an explanation, and this Lord Windermere does not choose to make. In the face of this a protestation of innocence and an appeal for confidence appear unreasonable, and further appeals that Mrs. Erlynne might be invited to the ball which Lady Windermere is giving that very evening, only serve to excite her anger so far that she threatens her husband that if Mrs. Erlynne comes at his invitation she shall publicly insult her. Lord Windermere pleads earnestly the cause of this woman who, by some unfortunate circumstance, has forfeited



THE CRITIC NIBBLED THE END OF HIS PEN.

a high position in society. She is anxious, having paid the penalty of exclusion for so long a time, to gain once more the position which she has lost; she is prepared for sacrifice, but to be ignored is intolerable; Lady Windermere, of all women, is in a position to stretch out a hand, if not of welcome, then of assistance; surely she will do this for a woman who has repented? No, Lady Windermere is adamant, she believes that Mrs. Erlynne has wronged her, and, backed by her Puritanical principles of no compromise, she is fixed in her purpose and adheres to her threat.

Lord Windermere pleads, but pleads in vain, and finding all appeal useless, in

spite of protest and threat, himself writes the invitation and sends it by a servant. It is a serious domestic rupture and all overtures of peace are rejected. His concern for Mrs. Erlynne is unaccountable, and when he places her interests in preference to his wife's entreaties, and invites her to an entertainment given in honour of his wife's birthday, and in defiance of her entreaties, we cannot understand it until we learn that Mrs. Erlynne is really the mother of Lady Windermere, and that the desire to spare his wife the reflection which the publicity of the fact would bring has been his motive for what he has done, and his desire to spare her feelings the reason for his silence. Then we begin to feel an interest in Lord Windermere, recognise his devotion and appreciate it.

The evening arrives and we are introduced to the reception-room, adjacent to the ball-room. What a mysterious influence, by the bye, there is in melody. I must pause to say this because

I have so often endeavoured to analyse the mystery and have had to laugh at myself for the folly. The spell with which music holds us raises the art almost to divinity. The harmony that crept up upon the still air from the old church in the valley as we watched the sunset from the hillside, the tender love-song in the soft light, the stray notes that came to us as we sat where the moonlight shadows were deepest, memories that may kindle the cynic's smile maybe, but memories with which some of us would be very loth to part.

Lady Windermere's reception is a gay scene; in addition to the host and hostess,

the Duchess of Berwick is there; her daughter and a young man who has made money in Australia and who is encouraged by the Duchess to aspire to the distinction of a son-in-law. Lord Darlington is there, hanging upon the smiles of his hostess. Cecil Graham, a cynical youth of whom we hear more later; Lord Augustus Lorton, a dissolute brother of the Duchess, who has been married three times and divorced twice, or divorced once and married twice, he tells Cecil, who makes the enquiry, that he does not remember

which. Of Lord Lorton, a most amusing character, known amongst his associates as "Tubby," we also hear more later. Much consternation is caused by the announcement of Mrs. Erlynne's arrival. She advances to her hostess, who, instead of striking her with her fan, as she had threatened, turns her back upon her. Nothing daunted, Mrs. Erlynne seeks refuge in the greeting of Lord Windermere, who does his best to place her at ease in an



WHERE THE MOONLIGHT SHADOWS WERE DEEPEST.

assembly where she is evidently avoided, or regarded with suspicion. She has the appearance of the woman that she is: a woman who has, as the cynical Cecil remarks, half-a-dozen pasts, which all fit; a woman who looks, the same youth remarks, like an edition de luxe of a very bad French novel. Lord Lorton, as might be imagined, is one of her devoted admirers, a perfect slave, and submits to be led about in the most docile manner.

As the evening advances Lady Windermere loses none of her resentment, it seems to deepen, and when Lord Darlington takes an opportunity of making

love to her she does not repulse him as she did. He becomes bolder and flinging away reserve pleads his love, urges her husband's faithlessness and implores her to fly with him from a life which must ever be little less than degradation. She is not firm in her refusal, but she refuses and adheres to it, although her lover pleads with all the devotion of a man whose happiness depends upon what he prays for, and when he leaves her he leaves her with despair. With a sudden impulse she writes a note of farewell to her husband and is gone. She has scarcely left the house when Mrs. Erlynne enters the room, discovers the letter addressed to Lord Windermere, and, recognising the handwriting, with womanly wit she grasps the situation: opens the letter and confirms her supposition.

The letter is a knife-stab to her; she calls to mind the night, years ago, upon which she wrote just such an one herself, and as she thinks of all the misery, all the wretchedness it has brought upon her, a mother's love, a weakness she almost laughs at herself for possessing, prompts her to endeavour to avert a like fate for her child. She determines to set off against all her empty life one devoted deed, and flinging her cloak around her, and crushing the letter into her pocket, she starts. We next find her in the room of Lord Darlington, pleading with Lady Windermere to abandon her purpose and return to her husband.

The scene is touching in the extreme; all that is womanly in this blind victim of fashion comes to the surface. At first Lady Windermere treats her with contempt, spurns her from her, but as she realises how thoroughly in earnest the woman is, as she listens to the appeal to return for the sake of her little child, she softens, yields to Mrs. Erlynne wrapping her cloak around her, and is about to accompany her from the room when voices are heard without, and, heedless of the place of refuge, the women are forced to retire for concealment. Mrs. Erlynne urges Lady Windermere between the heavy curtains on to the balcony, and retires herself to a room which opens from the one which they have just occupied.

The men now enter, laughing and smoking, and regretting the fact that the clubs should be closed at the ridiculously early hour of two o'clock. Lord Winder-

mere is amongst them, Lord Augustus Lorton, otherwise "Tubby," Cecil Graham and Lord Darlington.

They distribute themselves about Lord Darlington's den, and make themselves comfortable. For this occasion Oscar Wilde has reserved much of the wit and amusing dialogue of the play. I should much like to have a copy to read over again, and quote here some of the smart things which he has put into the mouths of these early-morning revellers. Tubby you could never put into words, unfortunately; Tubby, with his "deah boy!" is absolutely unique. You cannot help liking Tubby in spite of his wickedness. But Cecil Graham's cynicism I should like to remember, although I hate a cynic. Cynicism is the one fault I find in Oscar Wilde, the one fault which I endeavour to gloss over to myself, the one fault which I endeavour to forget.

Just as Lord Windermere has put on his overcoat and expressed his intention of leaving, Cecil Graham astonishes the company by laughingly accusing Darlington, who has been rather posing as a woman-hater, of having a fair creature concealed in his rooms; producing from behind his back as witness to the charge a fan, which he has discovered lying upon the settee by the fire.

It is the property of Lady Windermere, the fan which her husband had that morning given her for a birthday gift. Windermere recognises it, and, blanching to the lips, turns to Darlington and demands an explanation. Darlington is as completely taken aback as Windermere himself, and imagines for a moment that Lady Windermere has relented and come to him, and yet doubts the possibility. The scene is the situation of the play, and is completed when Mrs. Erlynne appears from the inner room, and explains that she must have brought it away in mistake. Mrs. Erlynne's appearance holds them spellbound, and Lady Windermere selects this moment to escape.

Darlington cannot understand Mrs. Erlynne's presence and dare not enquire the reason, but smiles in cynical admiration at her ready wit, and Mrs. Erlynne ignores the painful silence and makes no explanation.

Mrs. Erlynne, calling at the Windermere's on the morrow with the intelligence that she is going abroad, finds the condition of affairs is now reversed.



MRS. ERLYNNE CLAIMS THE FAN.

Lady Windermere welcomes her with open arms, Lord Windermere with cold disdain. When her husband is from the room Lady Windermere expresses her intention of confessing everything; but Mrs. Erlynne demands to be allowed to decide in the matter and will hear of nothing further being said, and compels, with much persuasion, Lady Windermere to consent to secrecy.

The sacrifice is complete and it brings its own reward—a very doubtful one, truly, but a reward, nevertheless. It is

in the person of "Tubby," who, although much aggrieved, accepts an explanation from Mrs. Erlynne, and is led, a willing victim, to the altar, and then to the Continent.

As a parting gift Mrs. Erlynne begs the fan, and the two women who have so strangely met are strangely parted, the one with a debt of gratitude which disarmed all doubt, the other bearing in her heart the sweetest treasure humanity can carry—the happiness which is the reward of a worthy deed. A. SYDNEY HARVEY.



BUT nine days a husband, a more unhappy-looking young man was not to be seen that sunny morning along the whole sea-front of Brighton.

Why? Was it because, like a newly-born kitten, he had opened his eyes on that ninth day, and for the first time, to discover that the new world into which he had launched was anything but the paradise he had anticipated? No, it was not that; a more charming or delightful little woman than she whom Mr. Billington had married it would be difficult to imagine, and he loved her now far more than at any time during their courtship. Was it because he harboured a secret he should have disclosed before the marriage, a secret on which their mutual happiness depended, and which must now be revealed? Again, no. His precious Emily knew exactly how he was situated, and his previous life was to her as an open book.

She was aware, even, of what it was that was so sorely troubling him,

but did not take it to heart a half or a quarter so much as he did: "If the worst comes, where will be the tremendous hardship?" argued the hopeful little lady. "It was, of course, very wicked of

us to get married without papa's consent, when we very well knew that he intended me for someone else, and when it comes to his knowledge he will be awfully angry; and serve you right, too, you bad boy. I don't pity you one bit. You know what a hot-tempered man he is, and how he raves on small provocation, so goodness knows what he will do when he is called on to face this enormous one. Very well, suppose he swears by all that's good that he will never forgive me, and that as for you, you shall never again cross the threshold of his business premises? Suppose anything so dreadful even as that happens? we shan't have to go about begging (not but that there would be some fun in that: you can play on the flute a little, and I can sing. Ha, ha! what a comical picture it would make), you can



MR. RUFF, THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

easily get another situation, and we must wait patiently until the storm blows over. It will not be long first, dear John. We may depend on that, with such a good friend at court as my step-mother."

Nor was it in the least likely that John Billington would, by look or word, betray his dismal foreboding that matters might not right themselves so satisfactorily as his darling little wife had so cheerfully prognosticated. Nevertheless, he had grave doubts about it. It was too late, now, for regret—indeed, it is more than probable that John would unhesitatingly, under the same conditions, have been again guilty of the offence for which he now dreaded the penalty—but, undeniably he had done a hazardous thing. It was not even as though he was independent of his wife's father in a business sense. For the past five years he had been confidential manager to Mr. Seth Spiker, who was a wholesale provision merchant in the city. In that capacity he had not unfrequently to wait on his employer, who was subject to gout, at his private residence at Dulwich, and being a good-looking fellow, it was nothing extraordinary that Emily Spiker soon conceived a liking for him, or that the pleasant feeling should be reciprocal, or that in the course of a year or so, the liking matured to loving.

In engaging in such a clandestine courtship, John Billington was, of course, much to blame, and his iniquity was aggravated by the circumstance that at a very early stage of his cordial acquaintance with Emily Spiker she confided to him the information that her father (her mother had long been dead) was very desirous of promoting a match between herself and a much esteemed friend of his, a member of the eminent firm of Ruff and Rasper, shipping agents. But Mr. Ruff, though a junior partner, was by no means a juvenile. His once brown hair was flecked with silver; he carried a snuff-box, and the double gold eye-glass that dangled on his capacious waistcoat was not a dandified affectation, but an invaluable aid to his impaired eyesight.

"But, my dear dad," Emily would remark laughingly, "he is too old. He is five-and-forty, if a day."

"And pray, miss, what has *that* to do with it? I myself was five-and-forty—a year or two older, perhaps—when I married your stepmother, who was fifteen

years my junior; yet she is tolerably happy, I hope."

All the same, there was no gainsaying that Mr. Ruff *was* forty-five, whereas she, Emily Spiker, was barely twenty-two, John Billington being four years older. John's position was a good one. His salary was three hundred a-year, with a prospect of substantial increase. He would much have preferred to have gone to Mr. Spiker and made confession of his love for his daughter, and respectfully begged his consent to their marriage; but John was of a nervous temperament, and, as was notorious to all who knew him, Mr. Spiker, when put out, was a Tartar—unreasonable as a hurricane and so impetuous as to sweep all before him, that, as likely as not, he would have paid him a month's salary on the spot and sent him packing, flatly forbidding Emily to have anything further to do with him.

It was to avoid the possibility of this insupportable climax that the devoted couple resolved on the deed of desperate daring they had planned and achieved. Emily Spiker being at Brighton for a change of air, and residing for the time at the abode of her old nurse, who had set up a lodging-house at that salubrious watering-place, Mr. Billington, it being his holiday time, giving out that he was going into Wales, went to Brighton, and with nobody sharing their secret but the old nurse above-mentioned, he and Emily got married.

Therefore it was that John Billington walked early that sunny morning along the esplanade, looking anxious and worried. His holiday would expire in five days and he would have then to return to Thames Street, and dare not any longer conceal from Mr. Spiker that he claimed the highly-esteemed privilege of calling him father-in-law. It was all very well for his Emmy to say "What if the worst should happen?" and make light of it, but it was but natural that he should shrink almost with terror from the realisation of such a possibility. It meant her unrelenting parent casting out his Emily, not only for the present but for the future as well, and him thrown out of employment for goodness only knows how long. Something must be done to avert such a dire calamity. It was probably true, as his wife had remarked, that they had "a good friend at court." Mr. Spiker's second wife was very fond of

Emily and by no means unfriendly disposed towards himself. But it did not follow that her good offices, even if they might be enlisted, would avail. It would be an immense advantage if it could possibly be arranged, to have a preliminary interview with Mrs. Seth Spiker

Now Mrs. Seth Spiker, he knew, was either at Hastings or Ramsgate. She had friends at both places, and usually passed a month or so in the summer at one or other alternately, her husband joining her at the end of the week and returning to business always on the Tuesday. Next



HE WENT DOWN ON HIS KNEES.

and solicit her kindly intercession with her husband. It would be judicious, Mr. Billington concluded, to take this last-mentioned on his own responsibility and unknown to Emily. She was a girl of brisk spirit, and if by chance Mrs. Spiker should say anything in his disparagement, the fat, to use a vulgar simile, would be in the fire in no time.

day to that when Mr. Billington was so anxiously cogitating was Friday. He had reasons for thinking that Mrs. S. would that week be at Hastings. He would make an excuse to Emily for being absent from her for a few hours and go to Hastings on the chance, if she was there, of seeing her. She had, as he had often heard her say, one especially favourite

walk there, and one that was particularly enjoyable in the early evening. The odds were, of course, against the success of his project, but it would be worth trying for at any rate.

And Mr. Billington's good luck being in the ascendant, he did try and was not disappointed. Arriving at Hastings at five o'clock, he betook himself to the sylvan glade which Mrs. Seth Spiker found so pleasant in the cool evening. It was a delightful leafy lane, between high grassy banks, and along one of the latter was a path sheltered by trees looking down on the lower walk. Mr. Billington had been perambulating this bank path not more than half an hour when he espied Mrs. Spiker sauntering along, book in hand.

It was a daring venture, but so much depended on it he managed to screw up his courage. The interesting interview need not be detailed. As already mentioned, Mr. Billington had mendaciously put it about that he intended to spend his fortnight's holiday in Wales, and Mrs. Spiker's amazement when he suddenly presented himself was all the greater. With but a brief preface he made the revelation, and to his dismay she listened to it with momentarily increasing anger: unless she had heard it from his own lips, she declared she could not have believed him capable of such meanness and treachery. And when he implored her at last to acquit her step-daughter of all blame in the matter, she frankly replied that she did so. She had no doubt, she said, that he had so deceived and cajoled the poor simple girl that she had fallen into the snare spread for her, scarce knowing the base ingratitude of which she was guilty. Emily, Mrs. Seth Spiker said, she might one day forgive, but him—never.

Poor Mr. Billington was in despair. If this was the way in which Mrs. S. received the news, what might he expect of Emily's father! He begged and entreated, but the lady was obdurate. It was a lonely lane and there was no one in sight—he went down on his knees to her and with clasped hands made such a pathetic appeal to her that after some time—some considerable time—she showed symptoms of relenting, and when she turned away with her handkerchief to her eyes Mr. Billington rose from his knees and walked at her side still pleading.

There was no one in sight while this touching scene was being enacted, nevertheless it was witnessed. A stout and elderly gentleman happened at the critical moment to be passing along the quaint high-up bank path, and overhearing the passionate exclamation "Oh, do not, for heaven sake, turn a deaf ear to my earnest beseeching!" peeped down from between the bushes, and there was the gentleman on his marrow-bones and with hands clasped and an agonized visage, and the lady with her face turned from him. For an instant the stout and elderly gentleman grinned, and then he started and stared and whisperingly ejaculated:

"Good lor' a' mighty! why, the precious rascal said he was going to spend his holiday down in Wales, along with an old aunt. Just fancy a sensible young fellow making such a fool of himself! I will rather astonish him when he comes back to business."

CHAPTER II.

MRS. SETH SPIKER having returned from her rural ramble, she was much surprised when, about half an hour afterwards, her husband made his appearance. He had never before come down from town on a Friday for a day or two, always on a Saturday.

"I thought it would be a pleasant surprise for you," he remarked. "I came down by the four o'clock train."

"And I was out. I am so sorry."

"Oh, it didn't matter. I wanted a walk and so I went in search of you, knowing your favourite haunt. But I somehow missed you. By-the-bye, I made a rather amusing discovery while I was standing about. I will tell you all about it after dinner."

Mrs. Spiker had something to tell *him* that was anything but a joke. He was good-humoured and smiling now, but she trembled at the bare thought of the furious rage he would be in when she informed him of his daughter's marriage with John Billington. Would it be possible to pacify him? She had been induced by John to promise that she would endeavour to play the part of peacemaker, but already she was half sorry she had so pledged herself. Having told her husband all about it, she would at any rate have to wait until he became cool before

she attempted to even hint at anything in the nature of extenuation in connection with the two culprits. It was fortunate, at all events, that it was one of Mr. Spiker's good-tempered days. She would wait until after dinner, and he had related his amusing story, and then she would out with her revelation.



But something was to happen that in an instant took all the fun out of Mr. Spiker's reserved narration. He went upstairs to make himself presentable at the dinner-table, and there an object met his gaze that rooted him to the spot and well-nigh deprived him of breath. Lying on a table was a lady's hat, a drab hat with a lace edging, and fastened with an ostrich feather of the same hue, but with a gold-coloured edging—a hat exactly resembling in every particular that worn by the lady who was so shyly turning her head away while his managing man, John

Billington, was on his knees imploring her not to turn a deaf ear to his entreaty.

Reeling under the shock, Mr. Seth Spiker cast about him for a chair to sit on, and thrown across the first one that caught his eye was a lady's skirt, fawn-coloured and barred with ruby velvet; and leaning against the chair there was a sunshade, and he—he had seen both articles before. He could swear to the fact. They were those worn by the lady to whom John Billington was beseeching on his knees.

It was an awful discovery. He did not feel in the least disposed to storm and rave. He felt stunned and bewildered, and as though he had been struck down by a blow on the head with a heavy bludgeon. He staggered to the door and locked it, and tottered back to the seat again, trembling in every limb and with his brow bedewed with perspiration.

He had heard and read of such things, but it had never for an instant occurred to him that an affliction so horrible might befall him. He would have felt ashamed of himself had the least glimmer of any such suspicion troubled him. They had been married nearly ten years, and during all that time she had shown herself a kind and devoted wife—a model of cheerful patience and contentment—and, as far as he knew, with no earthly wish beyond what it was his pride and delight to provide for her. And after all, she was not unwilling to disgrace herself and him for a person in his employment—a mere youth, scarce half-a-dozen years out of his teens.

Young, but with a cunning deep as the bottomless pit (Mr. Spiker gnashed his teeth as he thought of it). The crafty, lying hypocrite! He was going to spend his holiday in South Wales, where he had an

aunt living! So he had given everybody to understand. Instead of which he sneaks down to Hastings to make love to his master's wife. *That* was beyond a doubt. It may have been the first time the villain had ventured openly to declare his passion for her; it may have been the twentieth time. That made not the least difference. He *had* declared it. Though advanced in years, Mr. Spiker's hearing was as acute almost as when he was a boy, and he had distinctly overheard the words, "I implore you not to turn a deaf ear to my entreaty."

She might declare, when he accused her of her shameless perfidy, that she had

never given the scoundrel the slightest encouragement: that he had never before been guilty of the slightest familiarity or impertinence towards her, and had taken her quite by surprise, and that she had treated him with the scorn and indignation he deserved. He, Mr. Spiker, might not be

able to prove the falsehood of such a statement, but he must be an idiot if he accepted it. She was in no way restrained while, on his knees, the base blackguard was appealing to her, and might have fled from him. But that she did not do. She stood by, with her face averted as though merely at a loss for suitable words in which to make him a favourable reply. But he had best not create a scene at the hotel. He would try his best to dissemble, and appear as though nothing had happened, and in the morning he would hurry up to town and consult his lawyer as to the sort of proceedings that should be taken.

But, as need not be said, when he went down to dinner his strangely-altered aspect instantly attracted his wife's attention and excited her anxious solicitude.

"My dear Seth, why, what is the matter? Are you ill? Good heavens, how hot your

hands are! And your face flushed, too! Why, what ails my dear old boy?"

And she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"You are right, Susey," he replied in a dry voice, and shrinking from the wifely caress. "I am not feeling well; I—I have a bad headache."

"And in such good spirits as you were before you went upstairs. Come and sit down, dearest. You will feel better, I hope, when you have dined. Besides, I am anxious to hear the funny story: you have promised that, you know."

The desperate effort Mr. Spiker made at that moment to retain his powers of

self-control, caused the veins in his temples to stand out so prominently that his wife became much alarmed. She wetted her handkerchief with eau-de-Cologne and tenderly applied it to his throbbing brow. Mr. Spiker felt as though, unless he let off a little steam, he should explode.

It became more and more

manifest to him that he was altogether wrong when he deemed it impossible that his wife could have been merely pretending affection for him all the years he had known her. Her behaviour now proved her capacity for any depth of duplicity. After what he had seen and heard, she could still wear the old mask of make-believe sympathy, and kiss him, and apply cool comfort to his head—that head that was pulsing with suppressed indignation against her—with tears—crocodile tears—brimming in her shameless eyes.

He looked on her face sternly, and pushing away his plate remarked:—

"I am in no humour, Mrs. Spiker, for eating, so you may as well hear my story—my exquisitely funny story—without further delay. You may proceed with your dinner, ma'am. Probably the narration will not spoil your appetite, and it may amuse you."

And with every indication of rising



LYING ON A TABLE WAS A LADY'S HAT.

wrath he glared at her in a way that caused the poor lady to clasp her hands and regard him with a look of terror. The dreadful idea occurred to her that he had gone mad.

"You shall tell me the story if you like, my love," she remarked soothingly, "but not if it will excite you. Your poor dear head is very bad, I am afraid. Had you not better lie down quietly on the couch a little while? Perhaps you have been walking too much and your blood has become heated."

"My blood, ma'am!" and the terrible sneer that accompanied his words distorted his inflamed countenance; "much you care about my blood. I would have shed it for you, Susan Spiker," and suddenly overcome by emotion, he jerked out his pocket-handkerchief and applied it to his eyes. "I swear, by all that is sacred, I would, and you—you——. But pooh! Why should I shed tears when in your heart you are laughing at me all the time?"

She could no longer have any doubt that he was demented, but it might make him worse if he knew that she suspected it. It would be better for her, if possible, to remain calm.

"I wish you *would* lie down a little while, Seth. Do, dear, and I will read to you. If you could get some sleep——"

"Sleep, ma'am! I need no sleep. I have been asleep for ten years and but just woke up. Listen to me, Mrs. Spiker. There is a certain scoundrel whose present address I am particularly desirous of obtaining. You must furnish me with it."

She was dreadfully frightened and turned pale. "I don't know of whom you are speaking, dear. Tell me."

"His name, ma'am," and Mr. Spiker rose from his chair and folded his arms tightly across his bosom, "his name, ma'am, is John Billington."

In an instant her white face flushed red. At the same time she experienced a blissful sense of relief—he was not insane. He had somehow discovered about the marriage.

"Then you already know all about it?" she remarked quietly. "I am glad of that, at all events; it saves me from the pain of telling you myself."

Her self-possession and coolness amazed him so completely that he sank back on to his chair again. It was several

seconds before he recovered his powers of speech.

"And what, ma'am, was it," he at length found voice to remark, "that you intended to communicate to me?"

"About John Billington's affair, of course. You are dreadfully put out about it; I expected no other. But there is nothing to be gained by giving way to fits of fury. It is very exasperating and disappointing; but what is done can't be undone, and there is nothing for it but for us to make the best of it."

Had Mr. Spiker been standing instead of sitting, he probably would have fallen down in a fit.

"Have you the—the audacity to tell me so to my head?" he gasped.

"The audacity, sir! Pray, what do you mean by that? Am I responsible for it?"

Mr. Spiker laughed sardonically. "Oh, that is to be the line of defence, is it, ma'am? The fascinations of the young gentleman were irresistible, eh? You hope, maybe, to induce me to take that view of it?"

"Not in your present state of mind. But when your natural anger is abated it is not improbable, Mr. Spiker, that you yourself will not be indisposed to find some extenuation for him from that point of view. It was very, very wrong, of course; but I really don't see why you and I should quarrel about it."

Mr. Spiker jumped up from his chair again with his hands in his hair.

"Woman, do you wish to drive me mad? By the mere accident of my coming down here when I was least expected I discover you in company with this villain—ah! well you may start and look guilty—I discover you, I say, in his company in a secluded lane, making love to you on his knees, and you have the bare-faced impudence to suggest that we need not quarrel about it."

There was no limit to Mrs. Spiker's "impudence," it seemed, for now she actually laughed.

"So you saw Mr. Billington on his knees, making love to me, did you, sir?"

"I can prove it. Not only did I see it, ma'am, I heard it as well. Shall I repeat to you his words? They live in your memory, I have no doubt—'Do not, I implore you, turn a deaf ear to my entreaty.' Do you remember them, ma'am?"



EMILY BILLINGTON.

"Perfectly well," was Mrs. Spiker's calm reply.

"And do you admit that the ruffian was on his knees? But whether you admit or deny it is immaterial. You were wearing a dress and a hat I had never seen you in before, and your face being turned from me, I did not recognize you. But I instantly identified the articles mentioned when I went upstairs, and so your iniquity was betrayed, ma'am. Now I shall be glad to hear what you have to say for yourself."

Quite unabashed she looked steadfastly at him.

"You will be glad, do you mean," she quietly remarked, "if I am able to exonerate myself?"

"Bah!" ejaculated Mr. Spiker, snapping his finger and thumb.

"Nay, give me a plain answer. Would you be glad were I able to convince you that your cruel suspicions against me have not an atom of foundation in fact?"

"It is mere mockery for you to ask me such a question. I would give my whole fortune; I would give my right hand."

"And, by way of reparation, will you promise that, after I have convinced you, you will grant me the first favour I ask of you?"

"There is nothing you could ask of me I would refuse. But since it is utterly impossible——"

"Never mind that. You *do* promise?"

"Solemnly."

"Very well. It is quite true, then, that you saw John Billington with me in the lane, and that he was down on his knees. But it was not to make love to me; it was to entreat of me to intercede with you for your forgiveness."

Mr. Spiker had probably never before opened his eyes so wide.

"For what, pray?"

"For having married your daughter, Emily."

He remained dumbstricken and blankly staring at her for so long a time that, by way of rousing him, she reiterated her astounding announcement. Like a child learning a lesson he repeated after her, with laboured distinctness:

"Married—my—daughter—Emily!"

"They were united last Tuesday week, as I am informed; and, mainly for his wife's sake, of course, the young man is in a state of mind it would be hard to describe in consequence of his uncertainty as to what you will say and do when you hear the news."

"—— him!" burst out Mr. Spiker; "he shan't remain uncertain very long. Where is my hat and stick? Luckily it is the thick bamboo."

"But where are you going?"

"Going! A nice question to ask me. I am going to break every bone in this confounded fellow's body, and after that ——"

He was interrupted by a tap at the door.

"Please, sir, there is a gentleman below who wishes to see you."

"Oh, very likely it is old Pulbrook," Mr. Spiker remarked, turning to his wife. "He said he might call. I must see him. Tell him to walk up, Mary."

But it was not old Pulbrook, it was young Billington. He appeared in the doorway, pale, nervous and contrite, and noting Mr. Spiker's threatening mien, he did not dare cross the threshold. His wrathful father-in-law caught up the article of dinner cutlery which was handiest—which, fortunately, happened to be not the carving knife but the steel—and made a dash at him, but he was held back by his wife.

"The daring robber and ruffian,"

roared Mr. Spiker. "He has the impudence to come here, too!"

"I have taken the liberty to come here, sir," John remarked respectfully and not without some dignity, "because I conceived it to be a duty I owed to the lady I am proud to call my wife as well as to you. We are both painfully aware, Mr. Spiker, that we have given you deep offence, and how anxious we are to prevail on you to forgive us, I have already explained to Mrs. Spiker; when I left her this afternoon after so unwarrantably intruding on her, I chanced to catch sight of you, sir, and resolved to learn our fate before I returned to Brighton."

"Very good, Mr. John Billington," returned Mr. Spiker, grimly calm. "Then you may tell the young person who was once my daughter that, since she has chosen to disgrace herself and me by marrying a servant of mine, I swear by ——"

But his wife placed her hand over his mouth.

"Do you remember your promise to me, Seth?" she whispered in his ear.

"What promise?" he asked impatiently.

"That you would not refuse me any favour I asked you."

"But, my dear woman, is this a time to ——"

"Exactly the time, my husband. You are solemnly pledged, and what I ask is that you will forgive these foolish young people and give this John Billington a chance, at all events, of showing by his future behaviour that he is not unworthy to be your son-in-law."

"I will see him ——"

But she again placed her hand over his lips and motioned to John to begone. He might—there is no knowing—had intended to say, had he not been interrupted, "I will see him in the course of next week, and talk the matter over with him."

That was what happened, at any rate, and, as John Billington is still attached to the same firm, with fifty pounds a-year increase of salary, it may be fairly assumed that the intercession of kind-hearted Mrs. Seth Spiker was not in vain.

CRICKET AND CRICKETERS

By W. H. PATTERSON.

KENT COUNTY CRICKET.

IN "the Garden of England," as is only fitting, the greatest of all outdoor games has flourished from the period of the earliest records of cricket. In fact, to this day it is matter for contention among veteran players, as to which of the trio of old cricketing shires can claim *par excellence* to have been first in the field in this regard—first "in the field" in a double sense. Thus, the Kentish Man, or Man of Kent (as the case may be)—delighting in the recollection of Fuller Pilch and Alfred Mynn—will argue stoutly to convince you that his county can claim to have been the actual pioneer of the Game of Games. With whom the Sussex man will join issue, imploring you to believe that his county was the cradle of cricket long years before the Lillywhite family wrote or spoke; and who will in his turn be confuted by a "Hampshire Hog." But after all what reck it? Let it be enough for us, that to day, all over this England of ours, there are cricket enthusiasts who, by a close study of the history of the game, do much to remind us of the deeds of the "giants of old," and stir up in us their humble followers that keenness of desire to emulate, which is sure to bear fruit; for it has been well said that "nothing great can ever be achieved without enthusiasm."

As I do not happen to be gifted with the pen of the ready writer, or of the "Old Buffer" whose delightful sketches of cricket we all remember so well, I propose to touch only lightly upon the palmy days of Kent cricket.

But the Canterbury Cricket Week is such an ancient and honourable institution, that I must needs crave your indulgence

while reciting to you how and why that function came to be an established fact.

It was probably first thought about as long ago as 1835, "when cricketers wore tall beaver hats," and when two prominent supporters of sport, Messrs. John Baker and W. de Chair Baker, bore a leading part in forming at the Cathedral City the Beverley C.C., which grew until its style was altered to "East Kent C.C." Meanwhile, long before this, Kent was regularly furnishing her full quota of players, both amateur and professional, for the Gentle-



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(E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.
W. RASHLEIGH.

men *v.* Players matches at Lord's. She was so powerful, indeed, that a fixture Kent *v.* England was regularly arranged for Lord's Old Ground, and in 1841 this match took place, with the result that the county totalled 54 and 91 against 31 and 44 by the country. A wager of a thousand guineas was laid on this match.

And here let me break off for a moment to say to my readers, in a parenthesis, that I am heartily glad this system of betting on the result of what, after all, is merely a noble game—a system pernicious in itself and with nothing to recommend it—no longer obtains in England, or only slightly. There is no game which can be compared with cricket in its superiority to mercenary considerations. The game is played for honour alone, and long may it continue to be its sole reward; and I must say I deprecate the giving of prizes in the shape of cups, or such like rewards, for victory. The winning of the game, or fighting a good fight, is sufficient glory in itself, and this sentiment which we have received from our forefathers we ought, in the interests of the great game, to hand down unsullied to posterity. Let us leave betting, then, to the field of politics, to Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Morley.

Well, the return match Kent *v.* England was played at Beverley on August 10, 11, 12, 1841, in the presence of a large and distinguished company. This time England succeeded in putting Kent's light out, with totals of 163 and 56 against 114 and 31. It was now that Mr. John Baker secured the co-operation of the Hon. F. Ponsonby in prevailing upon the amateur actors of Cambridge to come to Canterbury in the following August, and vary the cricket with their performances. They did so, and the first Canterbury Week opened on August 1st, 1842, with the

inevitable Kent *v.* England. This was played as a return match to the same meeting at Lord's in July, when the county hit up 120 and 151 as against 133 and 82. The following is Fuller Pilch's own account of the Canterbury game:

"Mr. Felix and I and Alfred Mynn were in pretty nearly a whole day, against eight bowlers, and over 750 balls bowled in the first hands. Tom Barker and Joseph Guy made the long hands for England, and our side bowled almost as many balls. Kent got 278, and England 266, and then the ground was so cut up that Lillywhite and Dean, without a change, got the lot of us for 44 in our second hands, and Kent lost by nine wickets."

The second match of the Festival was Gentlemen of Kent *v.* Gentlemen of England, when the former were easily victorious. The amateur actors (not yet known as "The Old Stagers"), performed the following pieces: "The Rivals," "The Poor Gentleman," "Too Late for Dinner," and "Othello Travestie," while the late Tom Taylor himself delivered the prologue and epilogue. A grand fancy dress ball contributed to inaugurate the Canterbury Week.

As time progressed, and the annual festival waxed in popularity, the fixture between Kent and All England was retained in the programme, though, as it was by no means such an even match now, Kent sometimes played more than eleven men. W. G. Grace and his brothers have achieved some remarkably fine performances here, while the Australians have played in the "Week" biennially from 1882 onwards. From a cricketical point of view, the most noteworthy performance has been the 557 of the Marylebone Club against the 473 of the county, in 1876, when an aggregate



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W. H. PATTERSON.

of 1,174 runs was recorded for the loss of thirty-one wickets, and when W. G. Grace amassed his extraordinary innings of 344. But 1876 was, it will be recollected, "W.G.'s year," and included his celebrated 400 at Grimsby, 318 (not out) at Cheltenham, 169 at Lord's, 126 at Hull, 117 at Clifton, 114 (not out) at Nottingham, and 104 at Brighton. The Kent total included a splendid 154 by Lord Harris.

This big score of the M.C.C. was just beaten, however, by the 559 of Yorkshire in 1887, which is the best on record for Canterbury. On this occasion three batsmen, Ulyett 124, Hall 110, and Lee 119, performed the uncommon feat of scoring a "century" in the same innings. And I think I cannot do better than close this reference to the historic Canterbury Week—whose "jubilee" was fittingly celebrated last year—by an extract from Tom Taylor's admirable prologue on the occasion of the initial "Week."

"Your cricketer no cogging practice knows,
No trick to favour friends or cripple foes;
His motto still is 'May the best man win,'
Let Sussex boast her Taylor, Kent her Mynn.
Your cricketer, right English to the core,
Still loves the man best he has licked before."

Nobody has done more, and few have done so much, for the county of the White Horse as Lord Harris. Through good and evil report he stuck to the "old ship" so long as he remained at home. A combination of qualities enabled him to attain a position in the cricket world almost unique, and it is not too much to say that his example and energy, and the reputation which he deservedly held, not only as a brilliant player, but as one of the ablest and most popular captains, did rekindle and revive at a time of lethargy and depression, the natural love of the game throughout the county; and better

than this it may safely be said that it has been his great personal influence, and the regard and esteem in which he was held by all that knew him, which has worked up and kept together the excellent teams which have done battle for our county. It is therefore specially gratifying to remember that Lord Harris not only played but contributed his proportion of the runs, at a time when every run was counted with breathless interest, in our and his last match of 1889 at Beckenham—the great match against Notts—long to be

remembered by those who were fortunate enough to witness it, and never to be forgotten by those who took part in it, and that his last match with us was in itself a fitting climax and crown to many years of up-hill, and at times disheartening, work.

Playing in free and beautiful style, he was the terror of many a bowler on certain wickets; and few who were lucky enough to be present will soon forget his two brilliant displays of 72 and 101 against Middlesex in 1882, against the bowling of C. T. Studd and Burton, and hardly made a mistake.

In addition to being such a fine cricketer he possessed a sound knowledge of the game,

and as captain of a side was second to none, remembering in a wonderful way the weak points of the batsman, and promptly altering his field to take advantage of it. I have always looked upon him and Mr. Hornby as two of the best and at the same time the most sportsmanlike captains, both setting the highest example of the manner and spirit in which the game should be played. The duties of captaincy have now devolved upon Mr. Marchant in the earlier part of the season, and myself in the latter part, and I am sure we shall not forget, but do our best to profit



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L. WILSON.

by the admirable school we have both served in.

It has been the policy of the county—since, to our misfortune, we have no great central home or nursery for our young players—to distribute the matches over the districts of Kent, so as to enable all subscribers to see something for their money. It will at once be seen that while this arrangement is very satisfactory from one point of view to subscribers, it must be a great drawback to the county cricket to be without a central ground, where young cricketers can be trained, and the players, moreover, are placed on an equality at once with their opponents in knowing little more, if anything, of the peculiarities of the ground than they. As it is, we play at the Mote Park, Maidstone, a lovely spot from an artistic, but perhaps not a good ground altogether from a cricket, point of view, and at the old historic Bat and Ball ground at Gravesend, an admirable ground at Catford Bridge, Beckenham and Blackheath occasionally, Canterbury of course, and at the Angel Ground at Tonbridge, a ground second perhaps only to Canterbury in the county.

Mr. A. J. Lancaster, of Canterbury, is the hard-working secretary of the County Club, a post which he has now occupied for a great many years, to his own credit and to the satisfaction of all. Kent's present position as a cricketing shire—a sufficiently proud one—is too well known to call for any comment from me. Neither is it practicable, in the brief space accorded me by the editor, to do justice to all those who have done such yeoman service for Kent in the past.

I cannot, however, forego the pleasure, tinged though it be with a certain sadness, of looking back over the twelve years

during which I have had the honour of playing for the county, and recalling some among those I have met and played with in the County Eleven. Lord Harris I have mentioned. First and foremost stands F. Penn, one of the grandest batsmen I have ever seen. He was much the same style of batsman as Stoddart, hitting finely all round the wicket, and appearing to be well in at the end of the first over, so to speak. Then the Hon. Ivo Bligh, a brilliant bat and point, who had the excellent average, I notice, for the County in 1880 of 30.

Indifferent health has compelled him to give up the game, unfortunately for us, and he has sought consolation in "cricket on the hearth" and golf. There are many who will remember, too, the brilliant batting of R. S. Jones when the wickets were hard, and that beautiful off drive of his. I had the pleasure of playing with him in a small match this year, but he seemed to have altered the direction of that stroke, taking the ball well round to the on. It was useful, but not so pretty. There are two amateurs, I must not forget, who played off and on, for several seasons, and with special distinction in 1885.

The Rev. R. T. Thornton and A. J. Tonge. "The Parson," as we call him, had an average of 34, and Tonge an average of 24 in that year. "The Parson" plays in a style essentially his own; the bowler, sometimes, on turning round to bowl, finding him standing at least three or four yards down the pitch. Flowers, on one occasion, thought he wasn't ready, and turned to bowl again, and was so astonished to find the Parson still immovable, that he gave him a long hop, which was promptly cut for four. Tonge is a batsman of excellent style and promise, but a serious illness much impaired his



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A. HEARNE.

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KENT COUNTY CRICKET ELEVEN.

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W. BASHLEIGH. F. M. ATKINS. A. DAFEN. G. HEARNE. MARTIN. C. J. M. FOX.
WRIGHT. F. MARCHANT. W. H. PATTERSON (Captain). L. WILSON. A. HEARNE.

play, which, let us hope, he may recover once again.

Having dipped into the past, it is time we came to speak of those who now do battle for the county.

In conversation recently with Mr. Sydney Pardon, the well-known editor of *Wisden's Cricketers' Almanac*, I asked him to name for me what he considered the best eleven of Kent in 1892. He thereupon took a sheet of paper, and without hesitation wrote the following

names: F. Marchant, M. C. Kemp, L. Wilson, W. H. Patterson, C. J. M. Fox, H. M. Braybrooke, L. A. Hamilton or G. J. V. Weigall, A. Hearne, Martin, Walter Wright, and W. Hearne.

I must not be taken to endorse this selection, but it is undoubtedly a very strong team.

Changes might have to be made according to the varying form of players; and we have the satisfaction of feeling that our reserve is a pretty good one, comprising, as it does, Rashleigh, Le Fleming, Knowles, Best, and G. G. Hearne.

The play of most of the eleven mentioned by Mr. Pardon is so well known as not to need description, and though we have been out of form lately with both ball and bat, let us hope that we showed more our true form in the match the other day against Sussex. Marchant is one of the nicest bats to watch, being a powerful but most finished hitter, treating all bowling alike on good fast wickets. Wilson is essentially a fast wicket player, hitting brilliantly on the off. Braybrooke is a fast run getter and brilliant field, with a wonderful return. Kemp, our stumper, is always admirable, and keeps the game alive by his keenness and the life he throws into his duties.

Fox is one of the most useful players, an admirable bat, bit of a bowler, and splendid catcher. Weigall is a most consistent run getter on fast and slow wickets, and Capt. Hamilton a fine player and hitter, especially on the on side. Alick Hearne has improved his batting in a wonderful way, and has worked himself quite into the first rank. His scores for Kent this year have been excellent. He bats with great patience, but can score quite rapidly at times. He is most difficult to dislodge,

and plays with a wonderfully straight bat. Martin was last year one of the first bowlers of England, and though he has not done himself justice so far this season, I hope he may soon recover his form. He is one of those natural bowlers whose secret art it is difficult to describe. He keeps a marvellous length, and has plenty of break and spin. Walter Wright is a fast medium bowler, who comes a great deal with his arm; he bowls with great judgment, and has done good service for Kent. Walter Hearne, a brother of J. T. Hearne, of Middlesex, is new to the team, but has met with great success this year, and with more play and increased confidence,



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MARTIN.

ought to become a really first-class bowler and all round player.

Though we have started the season badly enough, let us hope that now the spell has been broken, we may go on and achieve fresh successes. Of this I am confident, that no eleven in England strives harder or more loyally, and if they cannot command, they will at all events deserve success, and in doing this, they will be acting up to the best traditions of the county, and are sure of the best wishes of their supporters in and out of the county.



KITTY and Nelly lived near a small country town on the outskirts of Dartmoor. The great and imposing feature about this town was its market place. No insignificant covered-in structure was this, but a large granite-paved square like an old Roman forum, bounded on all sides by houses, and open to the pure air of Devon. When I first visited this town and stood in the middle of its forum, I was irresistibly reminded of the Hibernian description of a gun.

"Take a long round hole," said Paddy, "and surround it by brass or iron." Take a big square and surround it by low old-fashioned houses and you have O—— No, on second thoughts I decline to give the name. Kitty and Nelly would never forgive me if I told, and the favour of that fair twain is too sweet a privilege to be lightly foregone.

With the exception of a charming country hotel, where the landlady's personal appearance is only surpassed by her cooking, and a quaint old red-sandstone church, all the buildings facing the square are fitted up as shops or offices. For these shops I entertain a respect which is not accorded to more pretentious establishments. They rise above any suspicion of narrow-mindedness or eclecticism, and present a most all-embracing and truly Catholic appearance. As Kitty and Nelly said to me one day, "It's so convenient to be able to buy cheese, reels of cotton, fish, blacking brushes and chocolate creams, all at the same counter."

My interest has been much excited of late by two of these emporia——That

plural will please my friend Jones, who is so fond of classical terminations that he invariably uses "ha-dra" as a plural of "hum-drum."

Each shop is bisected, that is, divided into two equal parts (this for the benefit of those who have not enjoyed Euclid, Book 1). One part is devoted to grocery, the other part to haberdashery. Above one shop, in black letters on a white ground, is inscribed "Harry Russell, Grocer and Haberdasher"; above the other, in white letters on a black ground, "Arthur Russell, Haberdasher and Grocer."

I feel that such fierce competition must result some day in blows. I have spent hours in the square, waiting for the respective owners of the rival establishments to issue from their dwellings, and fight on the pavement. I have even tried to egg on the dilatory champions by judiciously praising the establishment in which I do not happen to be standing at the time of speaking.

Kitty and Nelly laughed when I spoke about these shops, and said that the Russells were brothers and partners. In that case, I suppose they do their fighting at the division of profits.

When a stranger comes to this town and wants to buy things, he has not to wander up and down narrow streets, getting run over by cabs and 'busses, as we do in London. Not at all. He goes into the middle of the square and revolves like a planet on his own axis, until he sees the shop he wants.

I often wish the same principle of



THE BROTHER PRETENDED TO BE A LAWYER.

construction was applied to other towns. What a heavenly place London would be, all one huge square with a railway station in the middle, and lines radiating therefrom towards the circumference! There might be an observatory on the roof of the station, with "million magnifying gas-microscopes of hextra power," for the use of intending sightseers.

Hills arise on all sides of the town, and half-way up one of these stands the house which is honoured by the presence of Kitty and Nelly. It is not large, and has no pretensions to architectural beauty, but it is eminently comfortable, and is surrounded by well-wooded grounds. My heroines lived with a brother and an aunt. This lady considered that her duty involved the surveillance of her orphan neices. She had a hard life. I have no doubt that she was an excellent person, but none of us had much affection for her. If she had not insisted that we were lost tribes of the house of Israel, we might have got on more harmoniously. It is true that I had won golden opinions by a pretended conversion to her views, and by

supplying her with new arguments of the convincing kind found in the "Banner of Israel."

Kitty and Nelly declined to be parties to any such deception. They waged war, open war, upon all the descendants of Abraham, past, present, and to come. The brother pretended to be a lawyer, and was the proud lessee of a suite of offices in the market place. He was deeply impressed with the theory that a man of means should have a profession. As for clients, he had none, nor desired any; nor, for the matter of that, would have known in the least what to do with one had such a singular article presented himself.

It must be pleasing to be the follower of such a very accommodating and un-exacting profession.

For my part I think that, had the gods presented me with the money, I could have foregone the professional part of the programme.

At the period about which I am writing, Kitty and Nelly had passed their six-



SHE SIGHED FOR THE DAYS FAR DISTANT.

teenth birthday. They were twins, and never separated from one another, or from their native town, since they graced the world by their presence. No one knew which was the real Kitty, or which the indisputable Nelly; they only held their present names on sufferance. The cause of this strange fact is as follows:

When the twins had seen about six sunrises, and an equal number of sunsets, it was proclaimed upon the housetops that the day of christening was at hand. In order to avoid all confusion a blue ribbon

was tied about the arm of one, and a red ribbon about that of the other. The ceremony passed off successfully, in spite of the vigorous and, no doubt, conscientious scruples of the principal actresses. So far, all went well. It happened that some hours subsequently, a nursemaid, with the intelligence for which her class is justly famed, conceived the idea that a contrast in colours was more pleasing to her artistic soul. Accordingly she adjusted a red ribbon to the arm that already was adorned with blue, and blue

to the arm that hitherto had been content with red. The result—the deluge. It struck the least imaginative mind as being ludicrous that a lady should pass through life as “Kitty, or if not, Nelly,” or “Nelly, but possibly Kitty;” so that an adjustment was effected, whereby one was called Kitty and the other Nelly, and the blessings of the Church set at defiance.

At sixteen, Kitty and Nelly were tall and fair, with the bluest of blue eyes and the most golden of locks. Their appearance suggested possibilities of beauty

which made the heart beat and the eyes to swim. They had the sunniest of smiles ready laid on, and the merriest of hearts. They were as mischievous and untameable as a pair of monkeys, and their numerous pranks and jests were a source of the keenest delight to all who knew them, with the sole exception of the unfortunate aunt. *She* sighed for the days, far, far distant, when young ladies of sixteen behaved with the propriety of sixty, and the dulness of six hundred.

To the casual observer, and even to the fairly intimate acquaintance, there was no difference at all between the sisters, save and except that one had “Kitty,” and the other “Nelly,” inscribed on a brooch.

There was once a young man, replete with the rashness of youth, who declared that he could tell which was which, without the possibility of a mistake. So truly confident was he, that he wagered many shekels that he would perform the feat on any occasion. In my anxiety not to allow an opportunity of earning an honest penny to pass, I closed

with the young man. I basely gave the twins a hint, and there was much suppressed excitement at dinner that night. Afterwards, in the drawing-room, the doomed young man stepped up to the wearer of the “Kitty” brooch, and requested that “Miss Kitty” would sing to him. In reply, the lady addressed went off into a shriek of laughter. The young monkeys had changed brooches. The vanquished hero paid with a sad heart; and Kitty and Nelly enjoyed a surfeit of chocolate creams for days.



THE DOOMED YOUNG MAN STEPPED UP—

For the benefit of any who might otherwise share a similar fate, I will disclose that Nelly was a shade taller than Kitty, while the hair of the latter was the least bit in the world the darker.

On the morning after their sixteenth birthday, Kitty and Nelly decided that their education might be considered to be complete. The aunt demurred. *She* said that young ladies ought to be more proficient in accomplishments. On the twins appealing to my judgment, I gave my decision with fitting solemnity. I said:

"I have no doubt that at this moment you are in possession of far more history, geography, French, piano-playing, and other useless matters, than even your brother and I were. In consequence of which we are wise and useful citizens, while you——"

They laughed and shook their small fists at me. I went on:

"If you proceed further with your musical studies, we shall have a representative of the 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pianos' making his way to the house. The result would probably be many years' imprisonment for us all. I would recommend a course of novels"—the aunt screamed and hid her face in her hands—"so that you may take a broader view of life. I will make out a list of the most suitable works."

The aunt suggested that she might prefer to revise the list. I took no notice of this.

"You shall read Scott and Besant, Thackeray and Dickens, George Eliot and Miss Braddon, and perhaps after that"—here I hesitated—"you may be sufficiently educated to appreciate *my* works."

Kitty and Nelly sprang up, and said I was a "dear"; they also insisted on kissing me several times. The aunt fled in horror at sight of so much depravity. It was very pleasant, and you must recollect, my dearest Madame Grundy, that I had known the sisters from the cradle, and that I was more than twice their age.

It was but in jest that I referred to the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pianos," but I have long thought that such an institution would confer a benefit upon suffering humanity. At this moment, as I write, a piano, distant about ten yards, is reiterating the refrain, "*I will believe, I do believe,*" etc., *ad nauseam*. I have no wish to quarrel with the sincere religious convictions or that or any other piano, but still—I think—that the S.P.C.P. is much needed.

In accordance with my promise I made out my list, called into requisition the good offices of Mudie, and set Kitty and Nelly to work. It gave me the keenest pleasure to see those sweetest of sisters reading a book. They seated themselves

side by side on a sofa, placed an arm round each other's waist, and used the free members to hold the work in question. This method had many advantages. When anything amusing was sighted, they laughed in one another's faces; when pathos supervened, four eyes moistened together, and the twin sympathy made the grief delicious; when horror or tragedy formed the order of the day, they clung to one another and trembled in unison. I have made up my mind to try the method when a suitable coadjutor presents herself. Until then, I must fain be content with the arm-chair and pipe system.

The temptation to



THEY INSISTED ON KISSING ME.

be garrulous is very strong while dwelling upon the manifold perfections of Kitty and Nelly. I long to relate how the twins started housekeeping, and issued invitations for an "At Home" entirely on their joint responsibility.

It may not be. There is a limit to the patience of the most indulgent.

The New Education Act had been in force for about three weeks, and, in the course of that time, Kitty and Nelly had absorbed a great variety of fiction. Their reading was dictated by no system whatsoever, and was only limited by the cubical capacity of Messrs. Mudie's box. My advice as regards a sequence of authors was scouted with the contempt it doubtless deserved.

It happened one morning that the last page of a novel by two very well-known authors had been reached. The book was closed amid many sighs of regret, and a conversation took its place.

Said Nelly, "I wonder how two people can write one book."

"Perhaps one writes the story and the other 'slangs' it," observed Kitty. I fear that I am responsible for Kitty's extensive vocabulary.

Nelly thought over the theory for some moments, and then shook her head decisively.

"No, that can't be the way. I expect one makes up the plot, and the other just puts it on paper; you see—only *very* clever people can invent a story, but *anybody* can write one."

Truly Miss Nelly possessed a wisdom beyond her years!

"That must be right. You are older than I am, Nelly, and ever so much wiser."

Nelly denied the soft impeachment with a conscious blush. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that a pleasing fiction existed to the effect that Nelly was three and a quarter minutes the senior. For this belief there was not a particle of evidence. It was consequently a very firm article of faith.

"I don't think it can be so very difficult to make up a novel," observed Kitty, after a short pause; "such lots of men write them, and they can't *all* be geniuses."

At this moment the Great Idea flashed upon Nelly's mind. It took away her breath at first, it was so very startling. Then she hugged Kitty with terrific vigour. "Oh Kitty, dear, such fun."

"What! tell me, please." Silence. "Tell me, darlingest Nelly." Still silence. "Won't you tell your own Kitty? I tell you everything. Oh, you wicked, wicked Nelly!" Thus abjured, Nelly unfolded her project.

"Suppose—you and me—all by ourselves—write a novel."

"Oh-h-h-h!"

Tableau.

Was there ever such a sweet idea!

"Do you think we can?"

"Of course, anybody can."

"Oh-h-h-h!"

"Let's begin at once."

Kitty sprang up in wild delight. "Come on—pens—paper—ink—a box to put it in—silk ribbon to tie it with—cotton wool—come on, dear, at once."

If the twins had been fashionable young ladies they would have occupied one hour and three quarters in the putting on of "things"; as it was, something under three quarters of a minute was ample. Down to the town they went helter skelter, and entered a shop devoted, among other things, to the retailing of stationery.

"Paper," exclaimed Nelly, the spokeswoman by virtue of her visionary seniority, "heaps, packets, all you've got."

"*All*, Miss Nelly!" stammered the astonished shopkeeper. He was not accustomed to such very lavish orders.

"Let me see," interposed Kitty. "Twenty-four sheets make a quire, twenty-four quires make a ream, twenty-four reams make a something or other—I remember—a firkin or kilderkin."

"Bring a kilderkin of paper immediately," ordered Nelly severely. The wretched provider of stationery and Dutch cheeses was in an awful state of mind. He was mortally afraid of offending the sisters, whom he, in common with everyone else in the town, worshipped. He muttered, "Certainly, Miss Nelly," and disappeared; shortly returning with a vast pile of cream laid note paper.

"Is this a kilderkin?" asked Nelly, in the most uncompromising tones.

"Yes," gasped the victim, in abject terror.

"We want pens, about a dozen packets of quill pens."

"But I can't write with a quill pen," remonstrated Kitty.

"Neither can I, but we must learn. It's one of the rules."

When the subject of the ink was raised,



"ALL, MISS NELLIE!" STAMMERED THE ASTONISHED SHOPKEEPER.

Kitty suggested a nine gallon cask. Possibly recollections of her housekeeping were uppermost in her mind at the moment. Nelly thought that one gallon would do to begin with. The shopkeeper feebly hinted at a bottle, but his hint was met with well-merited scorn.

"Send up the things at once," said Kitty and Nelly, as they hurried away to purchase various accessories not usually dreamt of by the humble journalist.

Kitty and Nelly sat side by side at a table. Before them was a most business-like litter of books and papers, and each small right hand firmly held a quill pen. When these pens touched paper, mighty was the squeaking and scratching.

"What shall our novel be about?" asked Kitty.

"I don't know," returned Nelly, "we must set to work and the ideas will come."

Kitty was secretly sceptical, but refrained from speech.

"I'm afraid," went on Nelly, "that we must have a crime. It's horrid, but you see, every novel has a crime; it's one of the rules."

"I don't like crimes," objected Kitty, "I haven't had much to do with them. Can't we get on without?"

"Quite impossible." This with great decision. "How could we bring in the detective?"

"What detective?"

"I'm surprised at your ignorance, Kitty. You ought to know that detectives are essential. No novel is complete without them. Crimes, detectives and weddings are most important rules."

"I don't know anything about rules," murmured poor Kitty, "I thought you just wrote what you liked."

"Oh dear no," said the wise and experienced Nelly, "only very stupid people do that. I saw in the paper the other day, that one must write the things that are liked. Most people love crimes and detectives and adore weddings, so there you are!"

Kitty and Nelly worked hard for two days. Then they came to a full stop. Not that their ideas gave out; on the contrary, they were simply bursting with a most brilliant supply. The reason was, that a blind alley was reached in the shape of a wedding. It must be obvious to the meanest intelligence that no writer of fiction can ever proceed beyond the "Wedding March." How then could Kitty and Nelly?

When the work was written by both authors with as much care as quill pens would permit, I was furnished with the result.

In spite of the most solemn vows of secrecy, and in face of the direst penalties should my perfidy be discovered, I here reproduce the novel which Kitty and Nelly wrote.

CHAPTER I.

"The Lady Emmeline sat in her spacious boudoir (spelt in the original 'boodwar,' but scratched out).

"She was dressed in crimson velvet, trimmed with lilac silk, and the skirt was covered with little frills. All the buttons were single pearls, and the hooks and eyes were made of pure gold. The dress cost seven pounds; it was a *most* expensive dress. As the lady was engaged in drinking tea and eating chocolate creams, a black page entered the room.

"'Lord Francis,' he announced, very loud. His Lordship was dressed—we don't know how, but it doesn't matter.

"'And how is the Lady Emmeline, this morning?' said Lord Francis, 'I hope her cough is better.'

"'My indisposition is less aggravated,' returned the lady graciously.

"'Will you be my bride?' asked the visitor, kneeling on the ground, and

putting his hands together as if in church.

"'Of course I will. Very glad to get the chance.' (You see, she *couldn't* talk big under such very exciting circumstances. K. & N.)

"They embraced with great fervour, and Lord Francis went away to drink her health. (Men always drink healths when anything important happens.)

"'Ha!' said a fierce voice, and the Villain emerged from behind the curtains. (He would have hidden behind the 'Tapestry' if there had been any.)

"'I will be revenged,' he said, with a fearful grin.

"The Lady Emmeline shrieked, but the Villain drew a long knife, pushed it right through the lady, and turned it round three times to make sure. Emmeline fell to the earth with a hollow groan.

"'Ha!' remarked the Villain, as he vanished up the chimney. (It was a particularly wide chimney, and built so on purpose)."

"What a beautiful chapter," cried Nelly, at this point, "it's so exciting and so real."

"Crimes are not so very horrid after all," said Kitty, "I feel equal to lots more. Give me blood."

"Oh, you nasty girl. I feel more inclined to cry. Poor Emmeline! Just when she was engaged, too!"

"Now for the detective! Come along, Nelly."

CHAPTER II.

"The detective stood in the boudoir, and examined all the furniture and things. Lord Francis was with him, and offered a reward of forty million pounds. He was a lord, and could afford it.

"Said the detective, 'I know a Villain who lives near here; when I see him I will ask him if he had anything to do with it.'

"'Please do,' cried Lord Francis, 'I will come and help.'

"They left the room together.

"When they had gone, the Villain came down the chimney and said 'Ha!'; then he went back. Villains always say, 'Ha.' It is short and means the most awful things.

"The detective and Lord Francis disguised themselves as crossing-sweepers,

and looked everywhere for the Villain, but could not find him, for he was up the chimney all the time.

"Oneday they sat in the boudoir together, smoking cigars and drinking brandy and soda, when the Villain sneezed. He had caught a cold up the chimney from the draught.

"I hear the Villain," screamed Lord Francis in wild delight, 'let's light the fire.'

"They did so, and presently down came the Murderer, coughing and sneezing just awful. He said :

"It's too warm up there, so I thought I'd move.'

"What shall we do with him ?' asked Lord Francis.

"Oh,' said the detective, 'let's hang him out of the window.'

"They tied a clothes-line round his neck and dropped him out of the window ; and there he hung kicking and squealing till the rope broke. Then they let him go home.

"Lord Francis and the Lady Emmeline were married the next day, and lived happily ever afterwards."

"Won't everybody be surprised that Emmeline was not murdered after all?" remarked Kitty. "We kept that back splendidly."

"I think we ought to explain how it was. Nobody will ever guess, and it's one of the rules to clear up the mysteries in the last chapter."

"Perhaps we'd better," said Kitty, "you know more about the rules than I do."

CHAPTER III.

"At first we meant Emmeline to be really killed, but it was a shame, as she was such a sweet. So we decided that she was only *slightly* wounded, and a clever doctor cured her quick. He was such a *very* clever doctor."

Here endeth the novel of Kitty and Nelly.

Young England at School.

H A R R O W.



THE SCHOOL (front view).

HARROW, delightfully situated on a hill about twelve miles from London, in the County of Middlesex, is celebrated for its great School.

On the point of the hill stands the fine old parish church, dedicated to St. Mary. The building is cruciform, with aisles to the nave, a modern north aisle to chancel, west tower and porches, and founded originally by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury; the only existing portions of his church being the font and west doorway. During the school days of Lord Byron at Harrow the churchyard was his most favourite seat, accompanied by his most intimate friend, Edward Noel Long, Esq.

The ancient Manor House at Harrow (although the exact site is not now known) was the residence in former times of the Archbishops of Canterbury, where Thomas

à Becket resided in the year 1170, and received kindness at the hands of the Abbot of St. Albans, some of his own clergy treating him very badly. Cardinal Wolsey also held the rectorship of Harrow, and is said to have lived there some time.

The school, now famous throughout the world, was founded by John Lyon, 1571, a yeoman of Preston Harrow, although we are told that an ancient school existed before the Lyon's foundation. He seems to have had a great love for learning, and, from specimens of his handwriting now in preservation, must have been a good scholar. A celebrated brass that adorns Harrow Church is the only monument to John Lyon dating from that period, but Harrovians who appreciated his munificence have of late years raised a splendid speech-room to his memory, and placed a marble slab over the spot where



VIEW FROM THE BALCONY, SHOWING MUSEUM AND SCHOOL OF CHEMISTRY.

his remains are buried. John Lyon died in 1592, but it was not until 1608 that the income of his estates fell to the Harrow school.

Harrow is considered by the best of authorities to be of ecclesiastical origin, and a deed in the school-chest dated 1596 speaks of the new schoole or "church house" of the parish of Harrow, confirming that until the famous building contain-

ing the celebrated Fourth-Form Room was built, between 1608 and 1611, education was carried on in an edifice associated with St. Mary's parish church, possibly the relic of an institution fostered by the Archbishops of Canterbury when they had a country house in that parish.

The rules and regulations enjoined on the Keepers and Governors of Harrow School are identical in style with those of St. Albans Grammar School, and are supposed to have been drawn up by Sir Nicholas Bacon, who performed this duty for St. Albans. In 1662 the "foreigner" clause in John Lyon's School Statutes brought Harrow into passing notice, and the present distinction of the school entirely depends upon the effect given to this clause in past days, which entitled the schoolmaster to receive, over and above youths of the inhabitants of the parish of Harrow, as many foreigners as may be well taught and the place conveniently contain; from the latter such stipend and wages could be charged as the Master was able to obtain.

Dr. Brian, an Etonian of high reputation, was appointed headmaster in 1691, and received during the latter part of his career great support by a thoroughly



LIBRARY AND SCHOOL-ROOM, FROM THE TERRACE.

competent treasurer in James Brydges, better known as the magnificent Duke of Chandos, who, after making a large fortune as Paymaster of the Forces during the war with Louis XIV., built at Stanmore, near Harrow, the Canons, where he lived, and sent his ward, George Brydges Rodney, afterwards the renowned Admiral, Lord Rodney, to the school.

After forty years' good service Dr. Brian died and was succeeded by the Rev. James Cox, who was dismissed by the School Governor for living "a disorderly, drunken life and neglecting the school," causing the

The Rev. Benjamin Heath, D.D., F.A.S., was next appointed, in 1771, and his success at Harrow was somewhat remarkable, since he adopted the rôle of reformer, and incurred much obloquy by abolishing the ancient shooting of the Silver Arrow—an institution coeval with Lyon's foundation. The Harrow Speeches were at once substituted for the arrow shooting; the reason given for the change from archery to public speeches was that the former led to something like a saturnalia, in which crowds from London took part, while the boys claimed absten-

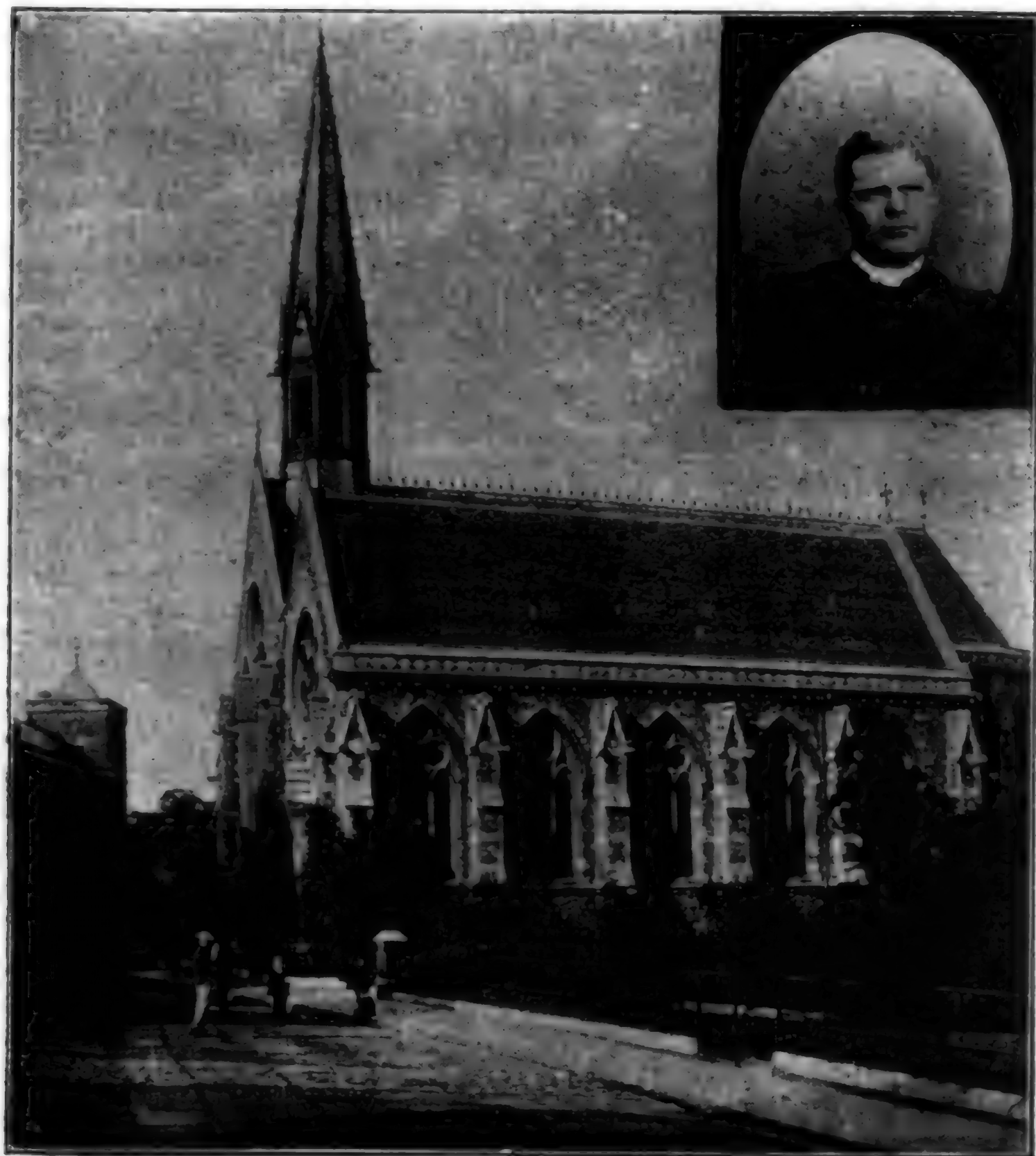


THE FOURTH-FORM ROOM.

confidence of a previous successful administration to be forfeited. The Rev. Thos. Thackeray, D.D., was next appointed head-master. He introduced the Eton system of education at Harrow. He was an ancestor of the novelist, and brought his principles of tuition from Eton, where he was head-master. Dr. Thackeray died in 1760, and was succeeded by the Rev. Robt. Sumner, at Midsummer, 1760. He was the most gifted head-master of Harrow of the eighteenth century, and was not only a noted scholar but a most eloquent orator. He died suddenly in 1771, and his epitaph by Dr. Parr, and the eulogy to his memory by Sir William Jones, will make him remembered in the history of Harrow.

tions during practice for the shooting prize.

Dr. Heath resigned the mastership in 1785, and the Rev. Joseph Drury, D.D., became master in the same year; and the school so flourished under the new régime that many of the nobility sent their sons to Harrow-on-the-Hill, increasing the number of scholars to three hundred and fifty, and in consequence the whole establishment was enlarged. The head-master's house had grown considerably, and was as antiquated as the old Fourth-Form Room is at the present day, its corridors being covered with names of bygone Harrovians, many of whom were famous amongst their countrymen. In this place Lord Byron lived, under Dr.



THE CHAPEL, WITH PORTRAIT OF THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON, M.A.

Drury and then under Dr. George Butler, whose son is now Master of Trinity.

Dr. Butler, who succeeded Dr. Drury, resigned the mastership in 1829, having been appointed Dean of Peterborough.

From 1829 to 1836 the Rev. Dr. Longley held the head-mastership, and resigned on his appointment as Bishop of Ripon, when the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. (subsequently Bishop of Lincoln) was appointed master. In 1838 the master's house was destroyed by fire, and with it perished interesting memorials of distinguished pupils. He was succeeded in 1844 by the Rev. Charles John Vaughan, D.D., who retired upon his appointment as Dean of Llandaff, and under the newly-appointed head-master, the Rev. H. Montagu Butler, D.D., now master of

Trinity College, Cambridge, the school flourished with great rapidity, until it became one of the first public schools in the kingdom, with a roll of over 500 scholars. To the Rev. H. M. Butler the writer is indebted for the valuable assistance he has received from his interesting remarks on the school, together with his friend Mr. Percy M. Thornton, whose publication on "Harrow and its Surroundings" no boy at Harrow should be without.

The present head-master, the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, M.A., is a great favourite with the scholars, now numbering 600. Mr. Welldon is a great supporter of the school athletics. He takes the keenest interest in all its branches, and generally favours the cricket or football field with

his presence when the boys are engaged in friendly rivalry on the half-holiday.

The first sixty years of the nineteenth century saw no less than five Harrow Prime Ministers, viz., Mr. Spencer Perceval, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Goderich (the first Lord Ripon), Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston.

Between 1819 and 1829 many large subscriptions were raised, and with £8,000 in hand the generation about then were enabled to erect a new speech-room and library, at same time adding a new wing to the old building of the founder.

Dr. Wordsworth worked hard to mark another characteristic of the last sixty years, in the part borne by the school chapel. Before 1838 Harrow boys had no such institution, but, not discouraged, Dr. Wordsworth had his reward.

Under Dr. Vaughan the chapel was rebuilt and enlarged, and his munificent gift of the chancel stands to his long memory.

The spire was erected in 1865 to the memory of William Oxenham, a man held highly in esteem by all, and the building, we believe, approved and suggested by Sir Gilbert Scott.

The Vaughan Library, which stands as a permanent monument to Dr. Vaughan's valued services to Harrow, is a fine building, the foundation stone of which was laid by Lord Palmerston, 4th July, 1851.

It possesses an admirable collection of books and contains the busts and pictures of many of Harrow's best worthies, and is also the August Curia of the boys' "debating society."

The Tercentenary Festival of June 15th, 1871, is a red-letter day of the past quarter century at the school, and another eighty years will have to pass over Harrow before the return of a Founder's Day to equal the interest of the day mentioned.

The Commemoration Service was held in the chapel, and, after the signing of autographs of visitors and boys in the library, luncheon was served in the old school yard under canvas. The Senior Governor, the late Duke of Abercorn, presided, and the two Ex-Masters, Bishop Wordsworth, Dr. Vaughan, Lord Bessborough (then Mr. Frederick Ponsonby) and Mr. Robert Grimston were amongst the speakers. That day set its seal to a great effort, by which all future Harrovians will profit. A "Lyon Memorial Fund" had three months previously been started, which in the course of the next fourteen years mounted to £38,000, which enabled to be erected laboratories and lecture rooms dedicated to natural science, gymnasium, and more particularly a new speech-room, unsurpassed for its size as



THE SPEECH ROOM.

a hall for speaking and for music. In shape the hall resembles a Greek theatre, the seats raising tier above tier facing a handsome dais, from which the young orators address their audience.

The Speech-Room has another great use, music; and the love for the study of music has so greatly advanced that any strangers visiting Harrow on the afternoon of Founder's Day would be somewhat surprised to hear the delightful music and charming little voices pouring out sweet melody one after another, and although great praise is due to Mr. Farmer, who left Harrow for Balliol, we must commend Mr. Eaton Fanning upon his efficiency as a tutor, and raising harmony to the great pitch for which the School is now becoming so famous.

The annual cricket fixture between the famous public schools of Eton and Harrow was played during the 8th and 9th July before the usual fashionable audiences at Lord's.

Without exception this match is undoubtedly the event of the season on the M.C.C. ground, while the inter-varsity match which precedes it makes a very bold bid for first honours. We have heard

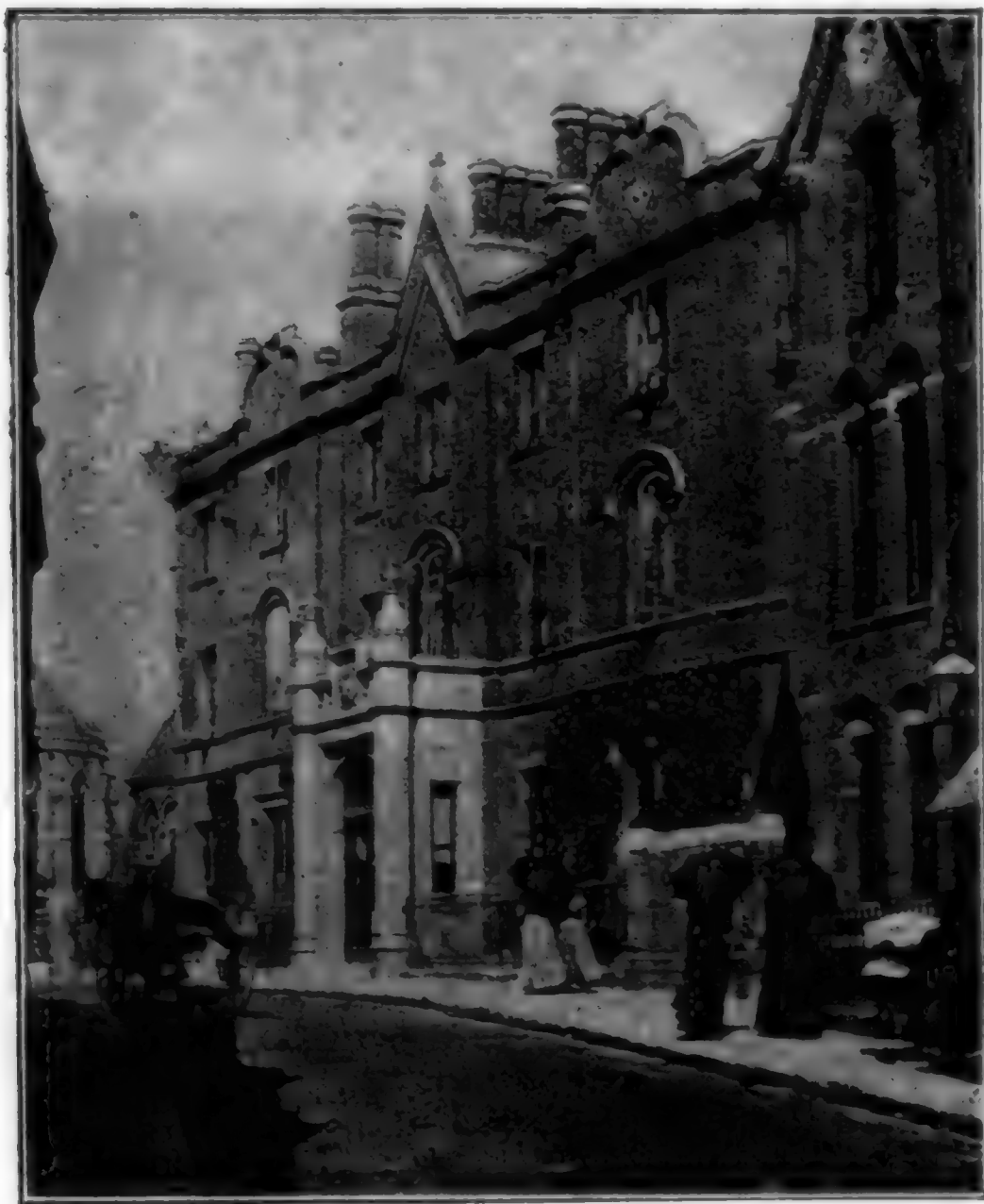
of the beauties of Ascot and Goodwood, but they both lack the freshness and beauty of Lord's, when we have gathered together the sisters, brothers and cousins of youthful ages, and proud fathers and mothers watching with the keenest possible interest the friendly rivalry of the picked Elevens from these great schools battling for the honours of the year on the cricket ground. Since 1805, sixty-seven matches have been played; of these the Harrovians have won twenty-nine as against the Etonians' twenty-seven, eleven ending in drawn games.

The 1892 contest was well up to the standard of previous years, although the second day's play was of short duration, the Harrovians ultimately winning by sixty-four runs. Our group, with the exception of Mr. C. S. Rome (who unfortunately was away when the photograph was taken) represents the Harrow team. Bosworth-Smith, Clayton, Philcox, Woodward and Rome all batted well for their team, and to them the greater part of the praise is due for the victory, while Rudd and Rome carried the palm for bowling, averaging seven wickets for 72 and five wickets for 74 respectively.

The first match on the list between these schools was played on the Old Dorset Square Grounds in 1805, the team including J. Lloyd, captain, and the famous Byron, though, according to an old Etonian book presented lately to the Vaughan Library, a match was played as early as 1800. Cricket has its first mention amongst the Harrow School Archives in 1771, though the game is believed to have been played some years earlier at Eton.

Dr. Merivale, Dean of Ely, claims great popularity for the game during 1823-24, and in that year the late Dr. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, Cardinal Manning, Chas. Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, Perry, late Bishop of Melbourne, and Oxenden, Primate of Canada, played in the Sixth-form game.

Harrow was unable to keep on terms with her opponents between 1822 and 1832, and as the Lord's Pavilion was burnt



THE HEAD-MASTER'S HOUSE.

HARROW SCHOOL CRICKET ELEVEN (1892).



F. G. CLAYTON. E. A. PHILCOX. C. J. L. RUDD. A. M. PORTER. K. A. WOODWARD.
A. F. PAINE. M. Y. BARLOW (Captain). B. W. BOSWORTH-SMITH. A. A. TORRENS.
I. F. FERRIS. (C. S. ROME, absent).

down in the latter year, all the authentic cricket records were lost, so that a fully reliable account cannot be given. Lord Bessborough and Lord Palmerston were thoroughly enthusiastic in the game at school, and the former, since 1828, for upwards of fifty years, has imparted sound cricket amongst the boys, and carefully watched every improvement and deterioration in Harrow cricket. Lord Bessborough gives credit to his acquaintance with Mr. Bence Jones (both at Harrow and Cambridge) for a good share of the knowledge he possesses of the game.

During 1843 the Harrow Eleven beat both Eton and Winchester. This success

in a great measure was due to Mr. Henry Anderson, who had set on foot correct style and patient play, and to Robert Gathorne, a capital left-hand bowler; Wm. Nicholson, who donned the gloves in admirable form, was also most valuable.

After Mr. Anderson, cricket at Harrow was left under the care of Lord Bessborough and "Bob Grimston," and each boy was watched and tried, from the smallest shell boy to the most promising of the sixth-form game.

The life of R. Grimston, by F. Gale, p. 172, quotes Lord Bessborough's tribute to the memory of his old friend :—

"There have been times when most men would have thought it hopeless to

try and keep up a high standard of play. At one time there were under one hundred boys in the school, and very few of the age and size to make anything like a school Eleven. But he always kept up the boys' spirits and inculcated steady play and good cricket, and indulged himself in the hope of what players they would make another year."

The popularity of cricket at our best public school grows year by year, and with Lord Bessborough, Mr. J. D. Walker and Mr. M. C. Kemp still giving their careful watch over the Harrow game, cricket is not at all likely to be found declining, as may be judged by the facts that nearly all the six hundred boys wish to play, and from Harrow many of our best cricketers have emanated.

The Upper and Lower Grounds do not now give sufficient room, although lately has been added to the latter a large piece of ground, the gift of Mr. Grimston, and another piece let to the school at a very small rent by Mr. W. Nicholson, who we mentioned as having played for the Eleven during 1843.

On half-holidays in the summer term, between two and six (Tuesdays and Thursdays and Saturdays) there are seven school games played. The "Sixth-form" game is composed of twenty-two best players in the School, and from these the Eleven is selected to play against Eton at Lord's, and these alone are entitled to wear white flannels and the School Colours. Besides the many games between the "Sixth-form," First-fifth," "Second-fifth" and "Third-fifth," etc. Second Eleven matches are played between the various houses, in number fourteen, the most successful being pre-

sented at the end of the term with a challenge cup.

The School Eleven each year generally have engagements with "The Town Team," "M.C.C.," "Lord Bessborough's Eleven," "The I. Zingari" and the "Old Harrovians," generally preceding the great match at Lord's.

Swimming is compulsory at Harrow, and only a doctor's certificate will excuse a boy for not indulging in this healthy exercise. A splendid "ducker" (swimming bath) is provided about half a mile from the School, where annual races, etc., take place, and prizes are awarded to the best swimmers, and competitions to determine the "cock house."

Football has its turn during the Christmas term, and although the game is one peculiar to the School it is little different to that governed by Association rules. On Founder's Day the contests start with a match versus Old Harrovians, and several other important fixtures then follow. The house-and-house matches commence about the middle of the term, and the winner of the final tie is considered "Cock House" and holder of the silver challenge cup presented by Viscount Ebrington.

At Easter the games are "Racquets" and "Fives," and both are becoming most popular recreations at the School.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

[The Photos illustrating this Article were taken specially for "The Ludgate Monthly," by Mr. R. W. THOMAS, 121, Cheapside, London, from whom Photographs can be obtained.]

STRANGERS and ALIENS



THE
HISTORY
OF A
PILGRIMAGE.

By John Stewart

(Continued.)

Author of "Kilgroom," "Self Exiled,"
"Letters to Living Authors," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN he mentioned bail for Brown and himself, naming me as surety, they turned up their noses in an insulting manner, and asked who I was.

"An English gentleman," replied Smith, with that loftiness of manner which an Englishman alone knows how to assume; but it was no use, they guessed they'd like other evidence on the point.

To aggravate matters, the livery-stable man rushed in breathless, with a loud demand for justice, and the price of his smashed-up buggy.

"I'd jest like to flay you alive," he cried, glaring savagely at Smith, "takin' haout my mare, which is the quietest hoss in Noo York City, and sendin' her back with nothin' attached but a pair of shafts. She's ruined for ever for drivin'. You infarnal British scoundrel, it's all a plot agin this free and independent Republic."

He declared it was all the result of English antipathy to America, and he hoped they would make an example of us, and get him handsome damages. He continued his oration for half-an-hour, demanding instant justice, and insisting that I should be locked up with the others.

"By Jupiter," he shouted, waving his clenched fist, "I have a mind to organise a vigilance committee to swing up the lot. The furrin skunks, a outragin' the citizens of the free and independent American Republic."

It was always the free and independent American Republic. Everything was put on it, and if we had been hanged, or quartered, or electrocuted, our deaths would have been put on it also. Evidently the free and independent Republic has a lusty constitution to be able to bear so much.

There is no use following the woeful tale. The Duke and Brown and I were ruthlessly torn asunder, my unhappy companions being dragged off to separate cells, while I, maimed and tattered and weary and disgusted, retraced my steps to the hotel, wondering what evil fortune would hurl upon us next.

Personally, I had, perhaps, reasons to be thankful. If the buggy had held three instead of two, I should have been locked up also, and none would have been left to tell the dismal story.

An English poet assures us in touching language and perfect rhythm that :

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

But it's a lie, a beautiful poetic lie, if you like, but still a lie. The rhymers clearly knew nothing about the matter—personally. The stone walls and iron bars kept the Duke and Brown as safe and snug as if they lay in chains like felons. Yes, the right sort of stone walls do make a prison, and iron bars a cage, a fact which leads one to regret that poetry cannot be true as well as beautiful. Smith lost all faith in poets and has never since regained it.

Dinner was on at the hotel when I returned, and I wandered aimlessly into the dining-room. The sable son of Africa who condescended to wait at my particular table cast his eye over me and grinned, then, pretending to notice nothing the matter with me, the dusky dissembler said, "Is the oder gen'men to be in to dinnah, sah?"

I searched that darkey's face for a trace of benevolence, for I longed to throw my arms about somebody's neck and sob, even as the heroines in novels sob when the course of true love won't run smooth. But finding none, my heart hardened and I replied jauntily, "No, Sambo, the gen'men won't be here to dinnah to-day. They are staying with some friends and the time of their return is uncertain. Now, my gay and festive black-cock, what have you to eat?"

He handed me the bill of fare.

As usual with hotel bills of fare, it was in various tongues, and I was too much fatigued to get a dictionary.

"Thank you, Sambo," I said, blandly; "the bill of fare is very interesting to those who are expert linguists, there's a ravishing mixture of French and Italian and German and Russian and Turkish and Norwegian and American, with some

choice extracts from various Indian tongues thrown in, that could not fail to delight the heart of a scholar; but the fact is, my dear Sambo, my education has been neglected on the side of languages. Call the things by their English names, like a good fellow, and bring me the lot."

"De hull bill o' fare, sah?" enquired Sambo, with arched eyebrows.

"De hull bill o' fare, Sambo," I answered; and Sambo departed with a grin on his face, and whispered to the other waiters, who came and looked at me as if I were a ravenous beast in a menagerie. But I wasn't to be balked in my intention. Though I wasn't the least hungry—though, indeed, food palled on me—out of sheer revenge I took every dish on a bill of fare a foot and a half long, and, what is more, ate them. That was probably the squarest meal I ever had. But I was determined to have value for at least a fraction of my money.

Next morning I went to the jail to confer with my friends, taking with me an armful of papers containing articles about them. I had to suffer a good deal of snubbing from august door-keepers and other high officials before I could get at them. But I bore it all meekly, and at last was ushered into their presence.

After they had embraced me, and we had mingled our tears on the flinty pavement, I showed them the papers containing allusions to our common misfortune. The first head line that caught his eye sent the Duke staggering against the wall.

"This—this is the most unkindest cut of all," gasped poor Smith, who had Shakespeare's genius for bad grammar in supreme moments. I got water, and threw it over him



MY UNHAPPY COMPANIONS BEING DRAGGED OFF.

till he was soaked and dripping. This revived him so much that he had the strength to be ungrateful. "You need not be so d——d ready with your water," he said testily.

"My dear fellow, it's to brace you," I answered soothingly. You need to fortify yourself. What you have seen is bad, but there is worse to come. Shall I read to you what is said of your escapade of yesterday?"

"Read," he said tragically.

It would be a long affair to go through those articles, item by item, lie by lie. A few of the headings will sufficiently indicate to the reader the view taken of the Duke's adventure. To every article there were at least three dozen head lines, some of them inches in height, and they never occupied less than three-quarters of a column—in some instances they occupied a column and a half. They are not stingy of big type in the States, nor of striking and original epithets. Look at these quotations, and imagine them set off with all the skill and resource of remorseless printers, in the biggest type invented:—"English Lunatics at Large in Central Park;" "An English Duke does the Cowboy Waltz with a Broncho, and Wades Through the Admiring Multitude. Thousands Killed;" "Shocking and Disgraceful Scene in Central Park: A Brace of British Fools Run Amuck;" "English Snobs on the War Path;" "Dastardly Conspiracy against the U.S.: Citizens Slain in the Streets;" "Will our Government Stand this? English Enemies Riding Peaceful Citizens to Death," and much more to the same effect.

"Stay!" shrieked Smith at last. "No more. This is beyond endurance." And I stayed.



"CALL THE THINGS BY THEIR ENGLISH NAMES LIKE A GOOD FELLOW."

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER being humbled and broken up by three days' heaped-up humiliations, the Duke and Brown were liberated, liberated without so much as the imposition of a fine. The judge who tried the case said it wasn't reasonable to fine idiots, and if they would pay for the damage done they might go about their business, though the proper place for them was a lunatic asylum. He would not, however, burden the country with the expense of looking after aliens of weak mind. The poor fellows crawled back to the hotel a hopeless and dreary sight, with their torn clothes, dishevelled locks and dejected faces. They said they thought this American trip was a huge mistake: they were certain it was a vast failure.

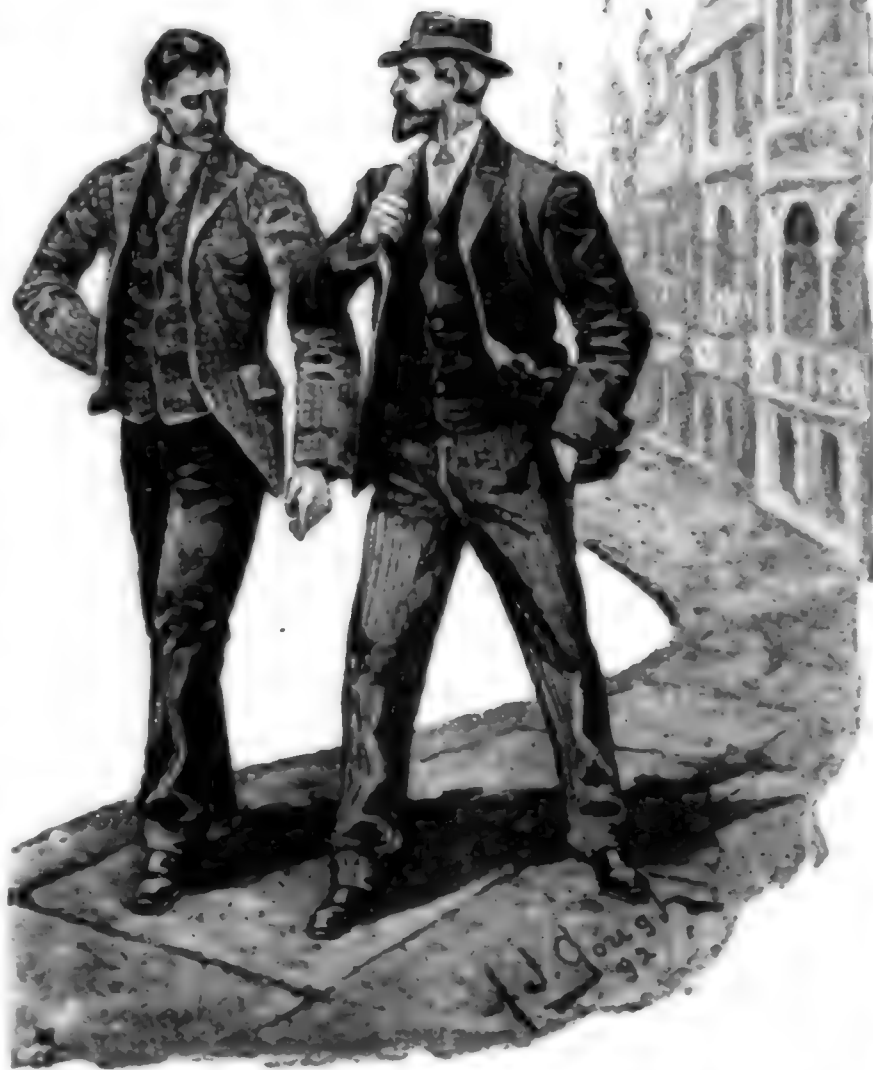
"The confounded thing's going all

awry," said Smith with a tear gleaming in his eye. "We had great expectations and the result is something a great deal worse than Solomon's vanity and vexation of spirit. That is a mild way of expressing what we have to endure. Here am I, a full-blown English Duke, a member of the proudest aristocracy on earth, and devil a one to notice me except to ridicule, to insult, or to oppress. Mortifying's no name for it. I call it infamous. I could have punched that old fool of a judge's head. Why didn't the bloomin' ass fine us like men, like gentlemen. We're not paupers.

We could have had the credit of a gentlemanly frolic. But no; he must go and treat us like imbeciles. I know who was the imbecile, though I hadn't liberty to say so. Talk about this being a free country. I tell you it's a lie—a downright barefaced lie."

"The country or the saying about the country?" said Brown.

"I meant the saying, but I'll amend and include the country. The whole thing's a gigantic falsehood. This boasted Republic can never last. It's hastening to decay, a blind man could see that already. An incurable disease has fastened on its vitals. The difficulty is that it is run by fools and madmen. Mark my words, there'll be such an upheaval, such a grand, patent catastrophe, when this blown-out bubble of theirs bursts, as the world has never seen. We made a mistake in ever coming here. And it was the sheerest piece of folly to trust to the honesty of a New York livery-stable keeper. I wonder how long the man has been out of the penitentiary. He should be there now, and



THE POOR FELLOWS CRAWLED BACK TO THE HOTEL.

so should that old horse of his. I know what he wanted; he wanted that horse and buggy smashed up, that he might put in a bill for three times their value, and the aggravating thing is he's done it, and I'm the fool who has paid. Will some of you have the goodness to kick me?"

"I have a great mind to take you at your word," said Brown, truculently. "I have the best of reasons for kicking you, Smith."

"I think you are forgetting our relative positions," said Smith, with a sudden change of manner. "You seem to be overlooking the distance that divides plain Mr.

Brown from his Grace the Duke of Dunnington."

"To the devil with your tomfoolery," returned Brown, savagely. "It's your infernal nonsense that has landed us in all this mess."

"Sir," said the Duke, loftily, "you are getting personal, and believe me, I know how to deal with personalities."

"I wish to Heaven you knew how to deal with conceit and vanity. Look here, Smith, you have played the jackass long enough. This sort of thing's got to end."

"I say so, too," answered Smith, promptly, "and I insist on your treating me according to agreement."

"Ugh, you make me sick," said Brown, in disgust. "Have you no eyes to see that the people don't care a hang for you or your title?"

"It was always your weakness to rush to conclusions, Brown," answered Smith, calmly. "I am not of those who abandon an enterprise at the first sign of difficulty. You see my business is with those four hundred, and I'm going to conquer or die."

"Then you'd better take a dose of prussic acid at once."

"My dear Brown," said the Duke, with a fine condescension, "that advice shows a nature easily cowed. I'm not angry with you, on second thoughts. You can't help it. You were not cut out to be a leader of men."

"I think I must have been cut out to be a follower of fools."

"That is a misfortune for which I am not responsible," answered the Duke suavely.

"Well! since Heaven helps those who help themselves, there may possibly be a remedy," said Brown. "I return to England by the next steamer, and leave you to your conquests."

"And fall into the clutches of your creditors," said the Duke. "No, no, Brown. You are too cute for that. Absence makes the heart grow fonder: they'll think all the more of you for a prolonged absence abroad."

Brown was saved from the necessity of replying by a message that a gentleman wished to see us. The Duke forgot all his troubles in an instant, and joy beamed upon his countenance.

"At last," he exclaimed rapturously, "at last the Duke of Dunnington is recognised. This is one of the four hundred, I'm willing to bet on it."

But he would have lost his bet, for it turned out that the gentleman below was not one of the immortal four hundred, but a free and independent citizen who was so condescending as to offer his services as guide at the mere nominal rate of

three dollars, or twelve and sixpence, an hour. He was prepared to take us in charge at the low figure named for the sake of Old England, the revered land where some of his ancestors had suffered martyrdom for acting on the glorious economic principles of Robin Hood. But he believed Britain was advancing in intelligence and that it would no longer expose one to persecution for helping oneself to some of the superfluous possessions of another, so long as it was done legally. We replied that it was very kind of him to speak of our country in such terms and that personally we were much flattered by his proposal to conduct us over the city, but that, to be quite candid, we considered his charges exorbitant; whereupon he offered to do "the square thing" by us for two dollars and fifty cents an hour, that is to say, rather more than ten shillings of our English money. At the instigation of the Duke, who was still confident of victory, we took him at his word, and when my companions had put themselves into whole clothes we sallied forth, as the novelists say.

We soon discovered that, like all men of character, our guide had his peculiarities. Though he more than once asserted, that he and his family had been strict teetotallers for many generations, yet he insisted on taking us into every saloon that fell in our way; not, however, as he was careful to explain, "for the purpose of partaking of intoxicating beverages," but just to see something of the life of the people.



"TO THE DEVIL WITH YOUR TOMFOOLERY."

J. J. Gough.

"For," said he, "there is no doubt whatever that these saloons are supported by the people, and may therefore be considered part of their existence." He freely ordered samples of the several wares too at our expense, so that we might see the tastes of the people in drinking. We confined ourselves to mild decoctions, but our guide went straight for whisky and he was eloquent in his tributes to the distillers of the United States. These entrancing monologues came so thick that he frequently forgot that we were out sightseeing, and it was only by jogging his memory that we managed to keep him up to even a few of his engagements.

Another of his peculiarities was an ungovernable antipathy to walking, so that we had to hire carriages and ride in railway trains, and by always riding and never walking we missed all we wanted to see, except what happened to be in the immediate vicinity of saloons. Saloons are numerous in New York, very numerous, and our guide knew them all. What was more, he would not pass one without affording us an interior view of it. "They are part of the life of our people," he would explain, if we showed any reluctance to enter, "and I would not have you miss them for anything." Nor did we. Our course was as carefully planned along the line of saloons as is the caravan track along the line of wells in the desert.

One of the institutions of New York is the elevated railway: a native calls it simply the elevated. We had heard so much about it, and of the delicious ecstasy of whirling along over the roofs of houses, that we were eager to experience the transports of an aerial ride. Our guide humoured us a little, a very little. We had one short ride of a hundred yards, between two saloons where it was not convenient to hire a cab. That was all. It

was not till later, when we organised an expedition not personally conducted, that we really learned anything of the elevated. On the whole the sensations experienced in passing over a city by rail are not queerer than those which would come upon one passing under it for the first time by the same means. The elevated, however, is much the pleasanter. The difference between it and the underground is the difference between flying and burrowing. In



OUR GUIDE.

going from one point of New York to another you have light and air; by our underground very often you have neither. Again, the Americans in the elevated, as in all other railways, have matters much better systemised than we have. For five cents you can ride from side to side of the City of New York, and you are not wracked by a frightful apprehension of passing your station, in spite of the keenest look-out, as strangers are on the underground. As soon as the train starts, the conductor, and there is one to each car, calls out the name of the next station, so that passengers may play cards or sleep comfortably until the last moment. That is a great advantage, and

one that is not enjoyed on our underground. The elevated is decidedly a success.

Unlike all other guides who have ever extorted money from us on false pretences, ours was not enthusiastic. About nothing did he show the least trace of enthusiasm, except the whisky aforesaid and Brooklyn Bridge. He had a hand in building the latter, and he was proud of it, so proud that of his own free will he took us to see it, though he knew he must go without a drink for at least fifteen minutes. It was a remarkable instance of self-abnegation.

The Brooklyn Bridge is one of the

greatest engineering triumphs of the age. M. de Lesseps says so, and M. de Lesseps ought to know, for has he not dug the Suez and Panama Canals? Our guide confirmed M. de Lesseps' opinion and added, on his own account, that the Brooklyn Bridge is the greatest, the very greatest, engineering triumph of this or any other age. And he, too, ought to know, for he helped to build it. He told us a great deal about it in the course of five minutes, more, indeed, than we could have found out for ourselves in half-a-century. One gratifying item of news was that a little while before, fifty thousand people had tried to jam themselves on the bridge at one time, and that there was a collapse and sudden death.

"Were there many killed?" enquired the Duke, with a gleam of satisfaction in his face.

"Hundreds," replied the guide.

"That's the sweetest thing I have heard since coming to this country," said the Duke jubilantly; "only it's a pity the whole batch weren't killed. But I suppose such accidents cannot be arranged to suit all."

The guide was a man of statistics, and, as I like accuracy above all things, I took down all that he told us. I will give such extracts as may be necessary to give the reader a misty notion of the Brooklyn Bridge. To begin with, it was thirteen years in the course of construction, and cost, in round figures, fifteen million dollars. We must pause to take breath, for that is a big statement about a mere bridge. Having recovered our wind, let us make a calculation to see how much fifteen million dollars are when turned into sterling money. We will take the dollars at 4s. 1½d., that being about the average value of the dollar according to current exchanges. The working is intricate, but we will omit it, stating only the result, which is three million and ninety-three thousand, seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling. No bridge in the old world that I have ever seen matches these figures. Now for further statistics. The bridge is suspended on four wire cables, thrown across towers as high as the dome of St. Paul's. I don't know how high the dome of St. Paul's is, but the exact height of each tower is 276½ feet, reckoning from high-water mark. The cables are capable of bearing a strain of 24,621,780 pounds, for the guide tried them. I have not time to



I TOOK DOWN ALL THAT HE TOLD US.

calculate the number of tons in all these pounds, but it will be a nice sum for an ambitious boy at a board school, anxious to earn his teacher the government grant. Resuming our statistics, the bridge is over a mile in length and has five separate tracks for five separate kinds of traffic, and they are always crowded. The anchorages for the cables contain 120,000 tons of material. The central span is 1,595½ feet long, and in the middle is 135 feet above the water, so that the biggest ships can pass beneath. This central span weighs 6,740 tons, and when business is brisk, carries a weight of 1,400 tons. These are the figures about the Brooklyn Bridge, yet they don't seem to give much idea of the thing itself: that, to be appreciated, must be seen. It is the most wonderful, the most graceful and aerial piece of solidity in existence, a monument of skill and enterprise, an achievement that, in itself and unsupported by other achievements, would mark the Americans as a great people.

(To be continued.)

Whispers from the ❧

❧ Woman's World.

BY FLORENCE MARY GARDNER.

WOMAN hovers round the idea of "Home" much as a moth does round a candle, and she must be poor in this world's wealth, and poor in spirit, too, if she does not make it the central pivot of her life, round which all minor matters revolve: a reflection of her best thoughts, and shrine worthy of her highest ideals. Of course the first essential is that it should be a permanent abiding place, a shelter for all that is most dear to her, animate or inanimate; and above and beyond this, a social centre, where those who are homeless wanderers on the world's surface may receive from time to time a word of welcome or counsel as they pass by on their journey through life.

Fortunately for those of us who are not overburdened "with worldly wealth," homemaking is not such a serious matter, from a pecuniary point of view, as it was for our immediate ancestors who were

and substantial furniture, warranted to wear long after its possessors had crumbled to dust and ashes.

Artistic knowledge and sanitary science have done much to make our homes "things of beauty," if not joys for ever; and we can now surround ourselves with all the necessities, and a great many of the luxuries, of life for a tithe of the sum it cost our fathers and mothers to do so.

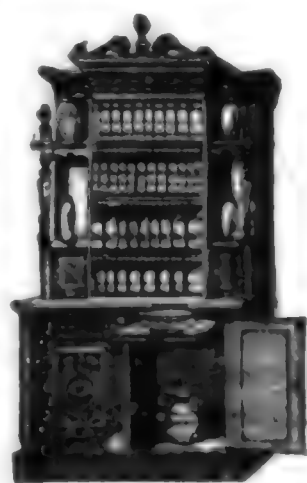
In my recent peregrinations in search of the useful and ornamental, I came across an appliance which will be sure to commend itself to those of my readers who require an additional bedstead at a short notice.

Though a folding bed is no new thing, as proved by Goldsmith's line:

"A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,"

they have not hitherto combined the various advantages possessed by the one illustrated, which takes the place of three distinct pieces of furniture, viz.: a book-case, washingstand and bedstead, at a cost little exceeding that usually charged for one.

The frame and bedding fold into the back of the cabinet, which during the day can be placed flat against the wall and the door of the toilet cupboard closed, thus converting the bedroom in a few moments into a charming boudoir. The



CABINET BED, CLOSED,
SHOWING
WASHSTAND DRAWER.



CABINET BED, OPEN, WITH BEDSTEAD LOWERED.

compelled to expend fabulous sums, when they commenced housekeeping, upon solid

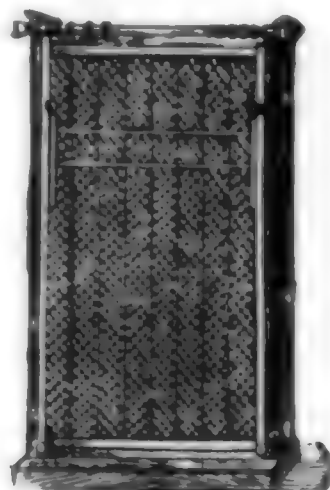
full-page sketch shows the bed lowered and prepared for the night.

A cheaper form of bedstead is called "The Portière Bed," but is, of course, only

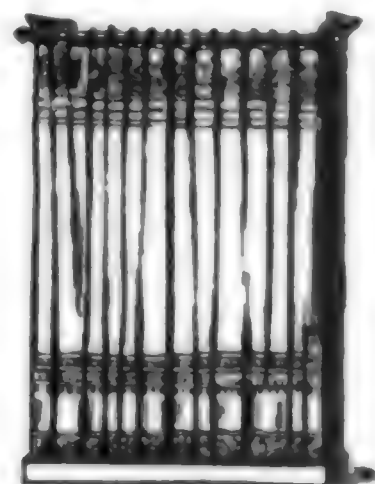
as a busy woman, I must condemn a style which from the point of beauty, or hygiene, had nothing to recommend it in the earlier hours of the day.



PORTIERE BED, OPEN.



PORTIERE BED, CLOSED WITHOUT CURTAINS.



PORTIERE BED, CLOSED WITH CURTAINS

intended for sleeping in. The above sketches sufficiently explain this.

Beds of this nature are specially adapted for flats, officer's quarters and sporting boxes, or where it is necessary for an apartment to serve for a double purpose.

During the Autumn a stylish cloth or serge costume is always a good investment, and I give a sketch of one I have just had from G. and R. Garrould, Edgware Road, London. It is of dark brown habit cloth; the skirt trimmed with black braiding, the coat edged with two rows of the same, and the shirt is of cream silk with a small brown spot.

I am truly thankful to Dame Fashion, who has wisely decreed that we need no longer trail a yard or two of the material of our gowns through the mire of the city streets. Much as I like, for evening wear, a trained skirt (which considerably adds to the attraction of a graceful figure),

To a great extent children's happiness depends upon their clothes, and I have such bitter recollections of my own youthful garments (which, as a rule, were composed of hideous remnants of sundry

and divers materials, which were invariably too short to provide me with a frock entirely composed of one fabric, consequently had to be eked out with another dissimilar in shade and texture), that I look with feelings of envy and remorse at the picturesque clothing of the little girls of the present day. After ordering my own dress I walked through the children's department, which is literally overflowing with the most artistic and dainty wearing apparel. Remembering that the birthday of a little sister was at hand, I purchased a garment which I am sure will add to, not detract from, her youthful charms. The blouse is of lettuce green velvet, with gauged yoke



MY AUTUMN WALKING-DESS.

and puffed sleeves of Liberty silk of the same shade. The silk shoes and stockings exactly match the dress.

I have lately seen some smart gowns direct from Paris, they are nearly all of striped materials, some of them half an inch wide. The skirts are perfectly plain in front and short all round, the sleeves are of different fabrics, with large puffs to the elbow and tightly-buttoned cuffs.

The lightest and most useful travelling dresses are made of alpaca, as it seems to possess the pleasing faculty of repelling dust and creases, and presents a good appearance at the end of a long journey, which can hardly be claimed for any other material except serge, which is practically indestructible.

The tea gown is an ideal dress for house wear, and is admirably suited for receiving afternoon callers in, or for a dinner *en famille*. No one, however, should wear this tasteful and comfortable creation at a theatre, or even when dining quietly at a friend's house, though it must be confessed that the temptation to do so is somewhat strong, as most women look their best when enwrapped in its soft and easy folds, so its popularity is not to be wondered at. A noticeable feature in those prepared for country-house visiting, is the beauty and quantity of the lace used upon them, principally in the form of pelerines, coquilles, draperies and deep frills, and when combined with velvet or rich brocade, the effect is all that can be desired by the most exacting woman of fashion of the *fin de siècle*.

A good deal has been written of late about the sphere and capacity of woman, and it is an unfortunate fact that a large proportion, notwithstanding, experience considerable difficulty in deciding to their own and other people's satisfaction what their proper sphere really is.

The unmarried are generally imbued with a sure and certain belief that theirs is MATRIMONY with a capital "M."

Wives envy the abundant leisure, freedom of action and absence of responsibility enjoyed by the glorified spinster. While mothers, on the other hand, often suffer keen disappointment that their children fall so far short of the ideal they hoped to see them reach. Consequently the members of each class feel more or less dissatisfied with their position in life, and are anxious to remedy by any means in their power the existing state of affairs.

Notwithstanding the drawbacks referred to, it will generally be granted that the lives of English women at the end of the 19th century compare favourably with those of previous generations. They are more capable of development, have fuller interests and possess greater educational advantages than at any other period of the world's history.

The ideal maiden of the past was a fragile, ethereal being, whose portrait may be found in any Lady's Keepsake or Volume of Gems. Her complexion was a delicate pink and white, highly suggestive of rapid decline; her shoulders sloped at an angle of forty-five degrees; and her slim waist was brought, by any means short of absolute suffocation, to a span of not more than eighteen or twenty inches. The state of the typical maiden's mind was as limp as her

body, and was mainly supported by a non-stipulating literary diet, consisting of the family bible, her grandmother's cookery book and the novels of the day.

But notwithstanding the sweet amiability which was the main characteristic of her truly feminine disposition, one idea, that of capturing a husband with the smallest possible delay, was the main-spring of her life. In this, as a rule, she was ably abetted by her maternal parent, till, in course of time, the eligible man became what the buffalo is to the Indian, or the fox to the hunter—legitimate prey.



LETTUCE GREEN BLOUSE, FROM GARROULL'S.

But *autre temps autres mœurs*, and all interested in the rising generation have come to the conclusion that, owing to their overwhelming numbers, it is an absolute impossibility to provide a husband for each girl; that is, unless polygamy becomes an established custom in this and other countries. And though evolution has made considerable progress the last few years, it is still doubtful whether the temperament, disposition and habits of thought of the average woman would be in sympathy with this departure. While fully realising that the best and happiest career for all women is that of wife and mother, it must be remembered that a great many will never be called upon to perform these duties, and it becomes a question of vital importance that their position should be clearly defined.

Whatever they may be mentally, the majority of those belonging to the feminine sex are not fitted physically to compete on equal terms with men; and it has been proved, over and over again, in various occupations, that they are unadapted for long-sustained and arduous labour. Under these circumstances, surely it is the bounden duty of all parents, according to their position, to make a special provision for their daughters, to avoid their being left in middle life as an unwelcome legacy to already over-burdened relations. I know of no more touching sight than that of a woman, who has never supposed that her life could be aught but a sheltered one, finding herself absolutely destitute and utterly unprepared for a struggle for daily bread. There are, I believe, in some countries in Europe, companies who undertake to pay an annual sum to unmarried women above a certain age, on condition that the insurance is effected from birth. In the event of her marriage, of course the society benefits by the premiums already paid. This is a very simple method of providing for a child who has been brought into the world *nolens volens*; but numerous others will occur to those interested in the matter. If nothing can be given, in which case most distinctly they should never have been born, they should be honestly told their probable future fate at the earliest opportunity, and, besides receiving the best education procurable, should be trained to work, punctuality and business habits, so as to be in a measure prepared for the struggle before them.

Fortunately the modern system of a girl's education is free and unrestrained, and she has the same opportunities as her brother in Board School, High School, or University. In the great world of business, also, women grow in power and importance daily. There is scarcely one department of labour into which she is not admitted. We have women doctors, lawyers, preachers, architects, stockbrokers, teachers of navigation and clerks of every description, and though not actually taking part in the government, they do active service in both camps, either as Primrose Dames or Liberal Leaguers. Many shops and a few newspapers are under the entire direction of women; indeed the only stronghold into which the angel of the home has feared to tread is, I believe, that of the rostrum of the auctioneer. With all these branches open to us, if we care to avail ourselves of them, I do not think we can complain that we have been unfairly treated in this respect; and in the immediate future, when education and business training have had time to tell, to the question of, Why does a woman marry? there can be but one answer. Not to have a home, for that each one can insure for herself. Not for money, for sufficient of this can she provide in any case for her own needs. And not to avoid being called "an old maid," because then there will be no special stigma attached to the unmarried woman. But she will marry for the best of all motives—because she loves and is loved by a man, and prefers to spend her life with him to any other position, however exalted.

This brings up another point for discussion, viz., whether a wife should be expected to work (that is, add to the joint income) after her marriage. This, of course, is a problem which must be solved according to individual circumstances; but where she is fulfilling the obligations of maternity, surely, if it is possible, she should be exempt from the additional strain of providing for the needs of the family.

Cardinal Manning, referring to this subject, says:—

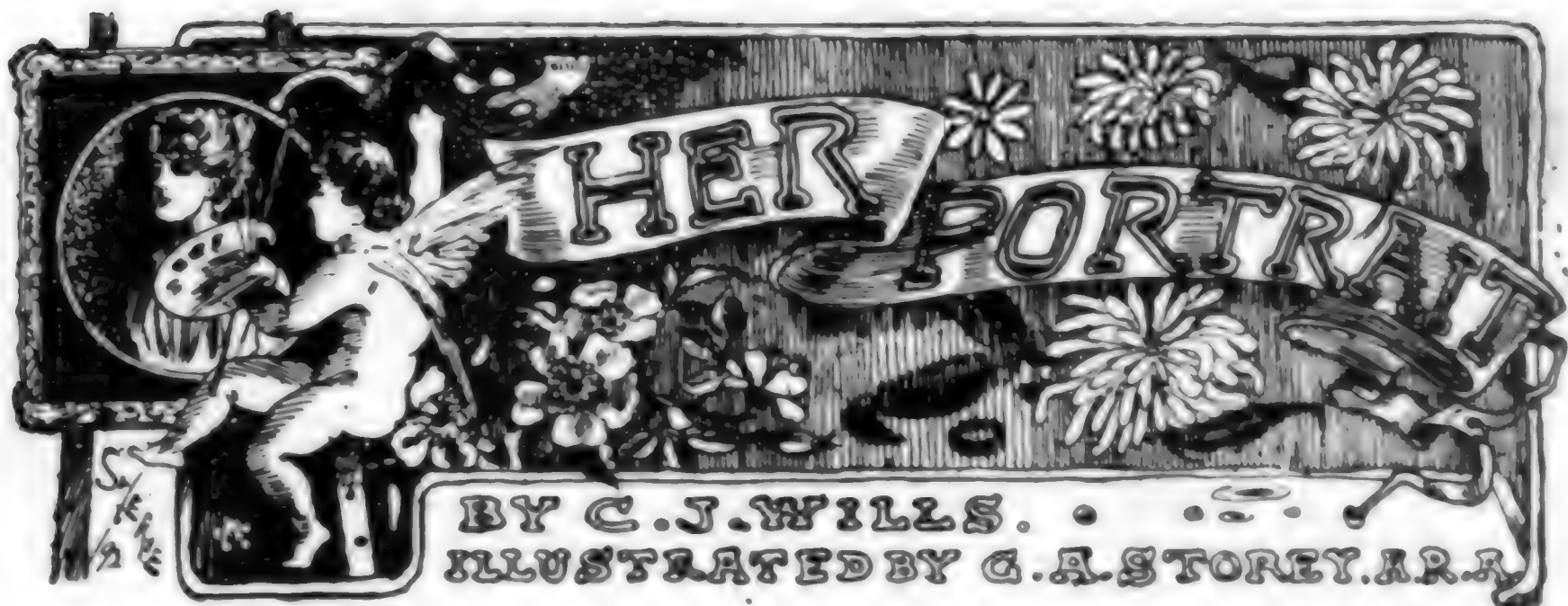
"A woman enters into a solemn contract for life with a man to fulfil to him the duties of wife, mother and the head of his home; and no arguments of the expediency of her undertaking a second

contract, so as to obtain a given sum of money, should be entertained, as her obligation to her husband and children must stand first. In the industrial classes especially, where they have tried to combine the duties of wife, mother, house-keeper and factory hand, the result has not been satisfactory, for continuous toil has a tendency to physically unfit women for motherhood, and to deprive them of the training in social and domestic affairs which is so essential in the home. Besides this, it has a tendency to encourage idle and extravagant husbands to depend upon the earnings of the wife, and at the same time cheapens the labour market for those men who are willing to work and have wives and families to support."

Opinions differ very considerably as to whether married women should take an active part in public affairs. Personally I think it is in the home that their influ-

ence will do most lasting good, but this must depend upon temperament, position and the views the husband may take of the subject. Though most of us like a certain amount of excitement and liberty of action, only a few desire to sit on county councils, like Lady Sandhurst; to traverse unexplored regions, like Mrs. Sheldon; or to express our ideas in public on divers subjects, like Mrs. Besant. But in this battle of life, if we are to fight it out bravely to the end, if we are to meet our difficulties fearlessly and without shrinking, and if we have to leave this world a little better for our having been here, we must equip ourselves with three strong weapons: the Sword of Work, the Helmet of Rest, and the Breastplate of Love.

We have three friends who are with us night and day
Yet when one comes the other steals away;
For jealous friends will no joint vigil keep,
And their great names are Love and Work and Sleep.



CHAPTER XI. (Continued).

MEDICINE FOR WALTER.

THE policeman, who had now arrived within a few feet of them and at whom this ill-natured remark was evidently directed, scowled fiercely at Lazarus, whereupon the beggar gave him a patronising smile and accosted him at once.

"Can you tell me the time, my good man?" he said. "I unfortunately overwound my watch last night and it has stopped."

The policeman took not the slightest notice of the remark.

"Sad case, that, sir," said the beggar, shaking his head very solemnly; "the poor fellow is evidently dumb as well as deaf."

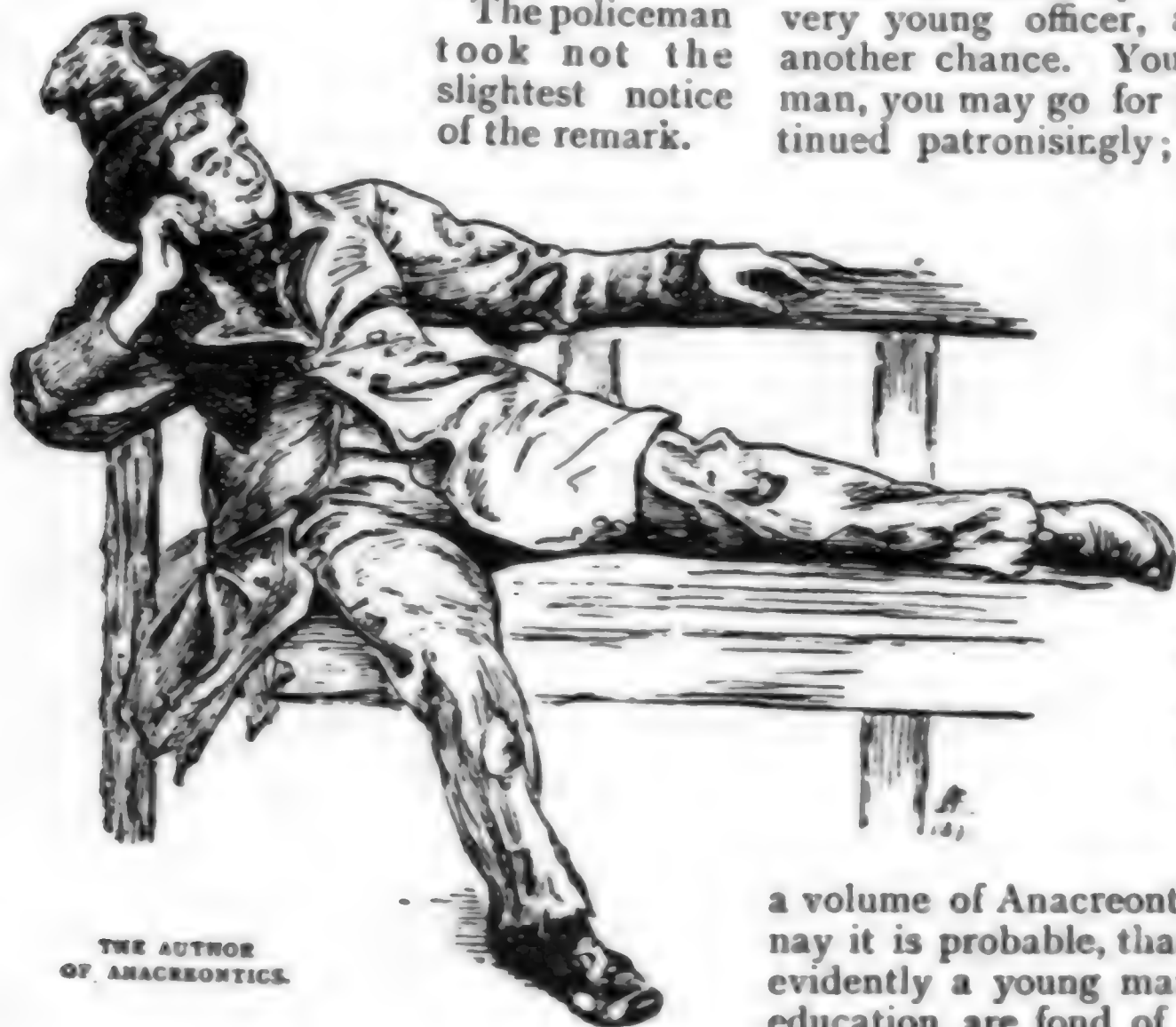
"You'd best stow it," said the policeman sulkily, "or I'll run yer in."

"Not deaf," said the beggar explanatorily, "only surly, with the proverbial insolence of your 'Jack in office.' I will not take your number, policeman," he added, benevolently, "you're evidently a very young officer, and I'll give you another chance. You may go, my good man, you may go for this once," he continued patronisingly; "I'll overlook it

this time, and I hope it'll be a lesson to you."

As soon as the policeman was out of earshot, the beggar resumed his lachrymose tone and remarked to Walter: "You mightn't think it, sir, to look at me, but it is devotion to the Muses that has brought me to my present pass. I am the author of

a volume of Anacreontics; it is possible, nay it is probable, that you, sir, who are evidently a young man of position and education, are fond of Anacreontics. I



THE AUTHOR
OF ANACREONTICS.

like a thoroughly disinterested opinion. Where can one find a more genuinely disinterested opinion than that of the perfect stranger? I know that I am but an unworthy imitator, a follower in the footsteps of the divine Tommy Moore, and of 'the jovial toper,' Napes, a sort of nineteenth century Haiz. Listen to this, sir,

cation, young sir; and it was my own fault, for, now I come to think of it, they've been playing Antony and Cleopatra at the Princess's lately. But why should I deprive you of real enjoyment. You must possess a copy of my little book. A young fellow of taste, as you doubtless are, can appreciate an *édition de luxe*. My Anacreontics, of which only two hundred copies were printed, are got up, regardless of expense, on imperial Japanese paper; the letterpress is a mere little island in a delightful sea of margin; each ode has an etched headpiece and

tailpiece executed for me by artistic friends. The work is bound in virgin vellum; there are, I need hardly say, rough edges, and the top is gilt: the whole thing is but a trifle, a little pocket volume. I have two copies left; may I forward one to your address? The price is only ten-and-six; and should you desire it, I'll take off the usual trade discount of threepence in the shilling."

"I'm afraid it's not in my line," replied Walter; "but if half-a-crown is of any use to you —"

"Sir," replied Lazarus, "I will accept your generous offer, but on one condition; you'll permit me to look upon it as a mere temporary loan; and if you will kindly favour me with your address card, a postal order shall follow in due course."

"You needn't trouble about that," said Walter, as the *soi-disant* poet took the proffered coin.

"Ah, young man," said the beggar merrily, as he spun it high in the air, "you're a good fellow, and I thank you. And now," he added confidentially, "I'll



WALTER IN TROUBLE.

a little thing of my own, of which I am perhaps unjustly proud:

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plump Bacchus, with pink eyne!
In thy vats our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned."

"I think I've heard something very like that before," said Walter.

"Ah," replied Lazarus, with a laugh, "I wanted to see if you'd find me out; I was but gauging your intellect and edu-

tell you what I'll do; I'll toss you double or quits if you like."

But Walter only shook his head.

"You're quite right to refuse," said Lazarus. "Good morning, my dear sir; I congratulate you on a discretion beyond your years." Then he rose, took off his dreadful hat with a flourish, and, making Walter a sweeping bow, swaggered jauntily away.

"I wonder whether I shall ever come down to that level?" thought Walter Croft gloomily. "It's not unlikely."

CHAPTER XII.

PHILLIDA'S PROMOTION.

THREE years have passed away since the events recorded in the last chapter; they had been three eventful years to little Miss Fane; the first one had been a very miserable year indeed, for towards the end of the first of those three years the little home in Lower Calthorpe Street had been broken up, owing to the death of Mrs. Fane. But Phillida had one great comfort, her mother had wanted for nothing during that last illness; it had been mercifully sharp, short and sudden: ten days after its commencement Mrs. Fane passed away. Her friends had been very kind to Phillida during her mother's illness: firstly, they had refrained from giving her sovereigns, partly because they were anxious not to hurt her feelings by doing so; but they had sent her fruit and they had sent her flowers; and a learned physician, who happened to be fond of art and was very thick with Mr. William Bland, R.A., had insisted upon seeing Mrs. Fane "as a friend," twice a day. Then Mrs. Charnelhouse had put in an appearance at Lower Calthorpe Street; she had arrived in a four-wheeled cab and the cab waited for her at the door.

"Mother's asleep, Mrs. Charnelhouse," said Phillida, raising a warning finger as she opened the sitting-room door to admit her visitor.

"I'll be very quiet, indeed I will," whispered the novelist's wife. "I'm going to sit down, Phillida, because I've got something to say," she continued in a low tone. "And I have not come to pry or to worry you; but I want you to listen to me, my child." And then Mrs. Charnelhouse enquired very quietly after Phillida's mother, and she learned that she had had

a sleepless night, and that Phillida had sat up with her, as a matter of course. "That's exactly what I expected," said Mrs. Charnelhouse. "Now my dear little girl, I've come here to give you good advice and you've got to take it: I've come here in the interests of art and common sense. You have your living to earn, Miss Fane, so has our friend Mr. Bland, so have I. If you can't sit to us, our pictures must come to a standstill: if you take the bloom off your delicate beauty, my child, you destroy my Academy picture, and, what is a great deal more serious, you destroy Mr. Bland's. And sitting up at night and working double tides, to say nothing of the anxiety, will upset you, and render you not fit to be seen. And you'll have to go on earning money you know, Miss Fane, if it's only for your poor mother's sake, you mustn't forget that, so I want you to have a proper professional nurse for your mother."

"But I'm afraid we can't afford it, Mrs. Charnelhouse," said Phillida simply; "and after all, I'm the proper person you know to nurse mamma."

"Quite so, my dear, so you are theoretically; but you must think of your mother, my child, and not of yourself."

"Oh, Mrs. Charnelhouse," said Phillida.

"I didn't say it to hurt your feelings, my dear, but to make you listen to common sense. Nursing is an art, Phillida. The doctor says your mother ought to have a professional nurse and so I've brought one: she is a lady and everything that's nice, and she's in the cab at the door with Francis; and Francis is enjoying himself, my dear, for he's sucking her brains and getting any amount of 'realistic stuff' out of her, for after-use in his next shocker. I know that it must seem hard to you to leave your mother's bedside, even for an instant; but, my dear, as I said before, you must think of your mother and not of yourself; and if it's your pride that stands in your way, I'll stop the expense of the nurse out of what I pay you."

I am afraid there was very little truth in the specious arguments that the lady artist advanced as to why Phillida should continue her sittings, and that she rather traded upon the girl's ignorance; but she gained her end, Phillida yielded, and the professional nurse was installed.

But Mrs. Fane died, and her three daughters attended her simple funeral, and

two of them wore the dress of the Gray Cloak School, with the addition of the bow of crape which the rules permitted to those girls who are in mourning. And then Phillida went to live with Miss Georgina Sandown as her companion and friend.

Mr. Bland had recommended Phillida for the vacant post, and he had referred Miss Sandown to Mrs. Charnelhouse as knowing more about the young lady than he did himself. Now Miss Sandown was

very particular, as she had a right to be. As she told Mrs. Charnelhouse, "I want someone of gentle birth, someone who is nice and nice-looking, and who isn't hoity-toity, and who hasn't got as many admirers as Penelope, and who'll drive with me and chat with me, and go out with me everywhere, and read to me occasionally, and put up with my not infrequent tantrums. But I shan't want to run pins into her, she'll not have to wear my old clothes, and she needn't agree with me in everything, or be a toad-eater; and its perfectly immaterial to me whether she goes to church or to chapel, or to both, or to neither, and I'm quite ready to pay a hundred a-year. And she won't have to attend to my canary, or wash my lap-dog, or dine by herself; and I go out a great deal, and where I go she'll go; and if she minds her Ps and Qs she'll stand a very good chance of marrying well. And Mr. Bland tells me that this girl is a dream of loveliness, and that he painted his Iphigenia from her; and when I saw the picture I said to myself, 'That's exactly the article I want, if she's only a lady and doesn't drop her Hs; and hasn't too many airs and graces.'" And

then Mrs. Charnelhouse, being an experienced woman of the world, had thrown difficulties in the way, she had not jumped at Miss Sandown's very eligible offer. She had drawn attention to the fact that her "little friend Miss Fane," as she pointedly called her, would find no difficulty in earning a very comfortable living by sitting to the "pick of the profession," though I don't attempt to disguise from you, Miss Sandown, that I should prefer to see her in a good home."

Then Mrs. Charnelhouse told Miss Sandown Phillida's history, and after the old lady had been referred to Mrs. Barker, and had had an interview with her, it was arranged that Mrs. Charnelhouse should call in Grosvenor Square, and that Phillida should be introduced to Miss Sandown.

Not one word did that artful plotter, Mrs. Charnelhouse, say to Phillida about Miss Sandown's proposal; consequently little Miss Fane met the old lady for the first time on a footing of the most perfect equality. Their liking was mutual, and as the visitors left, Miss Sandown remarked casually to Mrs. Charnelhouse, "I hope you'll execute that little commission for me, and I hope you'll understand, Mrs. Charnel-

house, that I'm particularly anxious that the arrangements should be carried out."

Then Mrs. Charnelhouse had broken the matter to Phillida, and of course she talked her over. How she talked her over it is unnecessary to detail; but Mrs. Charnelhouse was accustomed to talking people over: why, she had talked over "dealers" before now, and a woman that can talk over a "dealer" can talk over anybody.



SISTER PAULINE

"I call it an infernal shame, Gloriana," Mr. Charnelhouse had said; "that girl was a regular inspiration to me. I hate inventing, and I'd only to describe that little Miss Fane and I'd got a heroine that was bound to please anybody."

"You never pay me the compliment of describing me as a heroine, Francis," said his wife.

"You're a good four inches too tall for a heroine, Glory," said the little man. "You'd make a very fair heroine," he said, looking at her critically, "if I could reduce you; but, practically, the heroine that 'fetches' the reading public always wears five-and-three-quarters gloves. No," added the little man, "I prefer using you for my heartless adventuresses. Only yesterday I made you take a villainous Count by the throat and shake the life out of him, slowly but surely. You're an awfully good fellow, Glory, and you've a heart of gold, but you're a female muscular Christian, and a female muscular Christian is no good as a heroine."

"You never spare my feelings in the least, Francis," said his wife with a feigned indignation. "Do you think I haven't noticed how you've hung about in the studio after lunch whenever little Miss Fane was sitting to me, and it isn't nice for a woman when she feels that her husband is looking upon someone else as a heroine, while his wife he regards as a mere heartless adventuress and a female muscular Christian. You don't attempt to conceal your admiration as you ought to, Francis, if you really cared for me."

"Oh, it's purely professional, I assure you, Glory, and a fellow has to like and admire his heroine in order to be genuine and to get the B.P. to swallow her. Why, I'm not jealous when you paint fellows as Sun-gods and Herculesees and all kinds of heroic coves, and then improve upon 'em. I don't rile up and say, 'Why don't you paint *me* as a Sun-god,' of course I don't; I shouldn't think of interfering with your work: and that's the way you should look at it. Whenever I evince admiration for any young person of prepossessing appearance, your common-sense should tell you that it's purely professional. Why, look at the amount of trouble I take. Don't I listen to horrid people and vulgar people and bores, just for the sake of guying 'em and showing 'em up on paper the next

morning? Don't I listen to long-winded stories just for the sake of obtaining original plots? Of course I do; and why? Because we've got our living to earn, Glory. Why, if I hadn't got my living to earn, do you think I'd ever do any work at all? Not I. I'd just lie on my back, while you fanned me with a big feather fan, and smoke a big pipe and never open a book, except 'The Three Hundred Menus of Baron Brisse,' that's literature enough for me. Why, I'm like the wretched drunkard who couldn't get drunk. I was a novel-reader once, Glory," added in a hollow tone, "and the happy tears of innocence would come into my eyes, and I could never put 'em down till I got to the end of the third volume. Look at me now; I have to review 'em professionally, and say nice things of my friends and give my enemies beans, at two guineas a column, and I have to extract the best jokes and the thrilling scenes, and divulge the plots to make the reviews readable: and I know exactly what's coming, and I'm up to all the tricks, and dodges, and machines, and fakements, and iniquities of each particular criminal: and I know how it'll all end, and I feel that I could have done it ever so much better myself, as *every* reviewer does. And I know perfectly well that fiction is only the art of lying highly developed, and that I'm a miserable wretch. Faugh! I hate literature, and I wish I'd never learned to read. Look here, Glory," cried the little man excitedly, "I'll ask you a plain question. Do you think organ-grinders grind because they're fond of music? Not they; they grind because they've got to. I wouldn't confess it to anyone but you, Glory; but I'm an intelligent organ-grinder; and if there's one thing I hate more than another it's music, and the music I hate most of all is the music of my particular organ."

"Anyhow, Francis," said Mrs. Charnelhouse, suddenly changing the subject as is the manner of women, "it'll be a very good thing for little Miss Fane; she'll live in a grand house, and she'll see a great deal of society, and wear purple and fine linen; and a girl with her good looks is bound to marry well. And she'll have someone to look after her, for she's barely nineteen, poor girl, and she has no mother now, and she needs someone to protect her. It

isn't everybody you know, Francis, whose admiration is so disinterested as yours, and so—well—um—purely professional."

"Yes," said Mr. Charnelhouse with great solemnity, "there is a sort of fatal fascination about a literary man. Why, it was by means of 'With Cupid's Eyes,' that I got round you, Glory."

"It was a very pretty book," said Mrs. Charnelhouse sentimentally, and then she blushed. "I've not cared for anything you've done since our marriage half so well," she added, giving a vicious rub to the pastel she was at work upon.

"Yes," replied her husband, "no man is a hero to his wife any more than he is to his valet, and when a woman marries a literary man he very soon ceases to be her favourite author, eh, Glory?"

"Francis, don't be horrid," said Mrs. Charnelhouse.

And this was how it happened that Phillida went to live with Miss Sandown in Grosvenor Square. Miss Sandown was utterly alone in the world; she was very rich, everybody knew that—she was very rich, and she knew that everybody knew that she was very rich, which is not elegant English, but it accounts for a good many of Miss Sandown's actions. Nobody of the opposite sex had ever loved Miss Sandown for her good looks, but many young fellows of prepossessing appearance had been ready to love her for the sake of her consols, her landed property, and her great house in Grosvenor Square: the fact is that Miss Sandown was terribly plain; if she had worn a wreath of roses on the night when first you met her, even that would not have made her beautiful in your eyes. It would have been very much better for everybody if Georgina Sandown had been born a boy, because then the regulation description of the honest hero would have fitted her exactly: "George was rather under than over the middle height; the massive square chin indicated determination and honesty of purpose; the bushy eyebrows, which resembled those of the late Lord Chancellor Thurlow, shaded a pair of eyes which were small, light blue in colour, and which sparkled with fun. George's complexion was considerably tanned and freckled by the sun, for George was fond of exercise in the open air; the shoulders were well-developed and the arms were muscular; and the crisp, curly hair, dashed with

threads of silver, was worn closely cropped." That description exactly fitted Miss Sandown; but, as we know, George was a girl, and that makes all the difference. When she first came out, Miss Sandown had received innumerable proposals of marriage; but she had found out all the candidates, and when she arrived at the age of thirty she determined to *coiffer Sainte Catherine*, and die an old maid. She was excessively hospitable; she moved in the best society, and she was a welcome guest at great country houses; she went to Brighton in the season, where she had a house; she spent her Christmas in the Riviera, "for the sake of my chest," as she said, but really because she had a taste for harmless dissipation; she would often be found at Rome at Easter, and she had tried all the best foreign watering-places, both marine and inland; she invariably had a fortnight in Paris, where she always stopped at the Hotel Bristol—and we all know what *that* means; but during the London season Miss Sandown was, to a certainty, at home in Grosvenor Square, where she gave uncommonly good dinners and an occasional dance for her young friends; and she had her box at the opera on the second tier; and she was always very kind to young people, and was ready to help them in their difficulties and their love affairs; and wherever she went she was always surrounded by a crowd of men, who ranged in age from eighteen to seventy, who laughed with her and joked with her, and who honestly liked and admired her, but who would just as soon have thought of making love to her as of proposing to the statue of Queen Ann in St. Paul's Churchyard, or of casting sheep's eyes at the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. The fact is that Miss Sandown was a chartered libertine, and nobody thinks of making love to a chartered libertine, because it would be bad form.

When Phillida first went to the great house in Grosvenor Square, she was awed; when she drove out in the park with the old lady her soul died within her, and she felt that she was a mere trapping to Miss Sandown's grandeur—a part of the show, so to say, just as Cupidon, the fat pug who wheezed on the opposite cushion, the fat coachman in the spun glass wig, and the demi-god footman, and the five-hundred-guinea horses

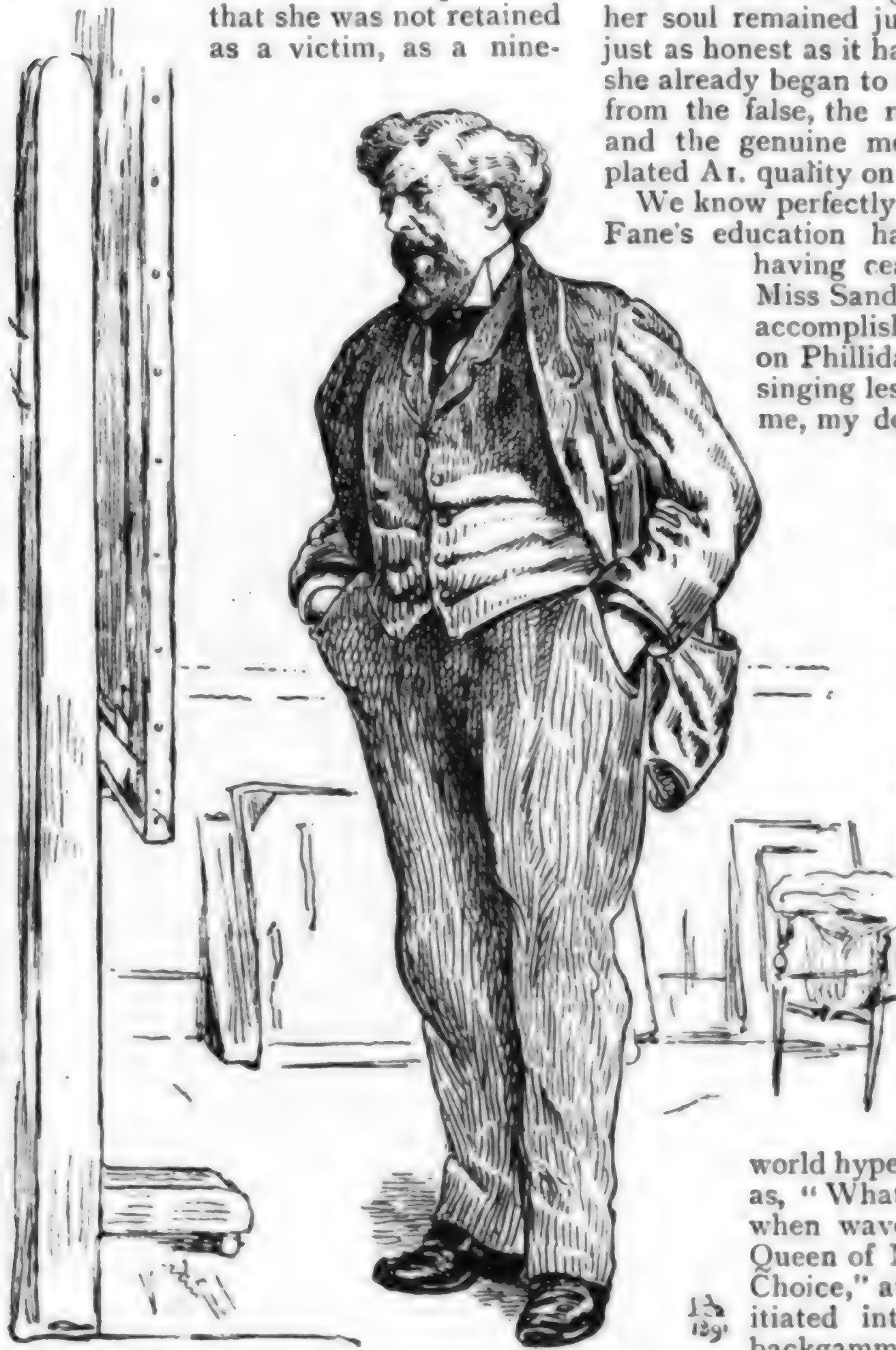
were but trappings and part of the show, in the daily triumph or royal progress of the wealthy Miss Sandown of Grosvenor Square. But after a time she began to feel that the old lady really liked her; she discovered that she was treated as a friend and not as a dependant, that she was not retained as a victim, as a nine-

she already felt that the old lady was her friend—had attacked the transgressors with the ferocity of a Bengal tiger, and, to use a touching Americanism, had “strewed their scraps upon the floor.” And as she mixed in society, her rusticity and ignorance of the world began to wear off; but her soul remained just as innocent and just as honest as it had ever been, though she already began to distinguish the true from the false, the real from the sham, and the genuine metal from the best plated *Ar.* quality on nickel silver.

We know perfectly well that little Miss Fane's education had been neglected, having ceased at fifteen, but Miss Sandown took care of the accomplishments, she insisted on Phillida's taking music and singing lessons. “Don't thank me, my dear,” this selfish old lady would say, “I do it purely for my own gratification, simply because I want you to play and sing to me the old-fashioned songs that I was fond of long ago when I was a girl. They are simple, silly old songs, I know, my dear, but somehow or other they bring the tears into my eyes when I hear them.” And so Phillida had her singing-lessons and her music-lessons, and in return she would sing to her kind old patroness such old-

world hyper-sentimental ditties as, “What will you do, love, when waves divide us,” “The Queen of May,” and “Janet's Choice,” and Phillida was initiated into the mysteries of backgammon. “I don't care for chess, you know, Phillida, because there's no possible ex-

cuse for losing but one's own stupidity, but at backgammon one can say it was the luck. And directly Miss Sandown found out that Phillida could ride, a saddle-horse was placed at her disposal, and, accompanied by an aged groom,



MR. JOBSON, THE PICTURE DEALER.

teenth century jester, or as an *umbra* with a salary; she found that the servants, the tradespeople and the friends of Miss Sandown treated her with deference and with kindness; in those rare cases in which they had failed to do so, her friend—for

every morning early she took her canter in the park.

And when Phillida had been two years with Miss Sandown, the young detrimentials began to treat her with a considerable amount of attention, for they said in their hearts, "perhaps the old woman will come down with something handsome for that pretty little girl that she's so very fond of; she must be a relative, or the old girl wouldn't be so deuced civil to her." And wherever Miss Sandown went Phillida went. People were always very anxious to entertain Miss Sandown: people are always desperately anxious to entertain those persons who are perfectly indifferent whether they are entertained or not, and it must be acknowledged that the girl's beauty had gradually ripened during the three years which had passed over her head since our last chapter. People who had smiled and said, "What a pretty girl," now sighed and were in the habit of remarking, "What a beautiful creature." We all know that fine feathers make fine birds, and perhaps her surroundings, and handsome frocks, had something to do with it; be that as it may, wherever she went little Miss Fane was very much admired. But she had one grief, it was the one crumpled rose-leaf that disturbed her happiness, and her one grief was the thought that her two little sisters were being brought up at a charity school; but Phillida was philosophical. "What can't be cured must be endured," is a time-worn proverb, and it gave little Miss Fane considerable consolation.

CHAPTER XIII.

DISCIPLINE FOR WALTER.

IF Walter Croft had only listened to John Milner he might have done some good; if he would have gone on painting in the artist's studio under the artist's guidance, he might in time have earned a living; but Walter had been embittered, he had gone down in the battle of life. If he had been merely knocked down he might have "come up smiling," to use the time-honoured phrase of the deceased Pierce Egan; he had been knocked down when he had been robbed of his fortune, but he had been subsequently, so to say, "jumped upon" by Mrs. Dacre, when she had calmly revealed to him the

vast depths of her heartless treachery. As people get pitchforked up the social ladder, or scramble up by their own exertions, they usually adapt themselves to their new circumstances after a very short time; just as the midshipman, when he gets into the gun-room, adapts gun-room manners the very day after his promotion; so when a man sinks in the social scale, he is apt to adopt the manners and the morals of his new comrades. Walter Croft's pride stood in his way: he was very young, you see, and as a rule, the younger one is the prouder one is; but, as we all know, a man's pride falls with his fortunes, and it falls all the quicker when his woes are sudden. A good many things dawned very rapidly upon Walter, for his soul's good, no doubt; he became aware that he was not so very much better-looking or more clever than other young men of his own age. To his intense astonishment and disgust, "The Miller's Daughter" came back from Burlington House, and it was not much consolation to him to know that it had been rejected from the first, but had been marked as "doubtful." He called upon Grinder, the dealer. As a very great personal favour Mr. Grinder allowed "The Miller's Daughter" to be exhibited in his sh—, I mean his gallery of Modern English Painters, but Mr. Grinder did not sell "The Miller's Daughter," which he had priced at fifty guineas; and at the end of the season, when Walter had called to learn his fate, Grinder, as though he were doing a favour, had the effrontery to offer young Mr. Croft a "tenner" for it, and Walter had left Grinder's gallery with his picture under his arm, feeling very angry indeed. His love for Mrs. Dacre was dead, and he determined to sell her portrait at once as a sort of moral discipline to his wounded soul. "You can't do better than take it to Jobson," one of the young fellows at the Chiaroscuro Society had told him, "Jobson's a good fellow enough, and he'll go you halves, and it's a fetching sort of picture and is likely to suit the young society chappie, and it's a stunning frame." And determined to take his physic like a man, Walter had carried Mrs. Dacre to Jobson, feeling that he was offering her up as a sort of sacrifice to the infernal gods. And next day, when he passed by Jobson's shop, he saw Mrs. Dacre smiling at him from Jobson's

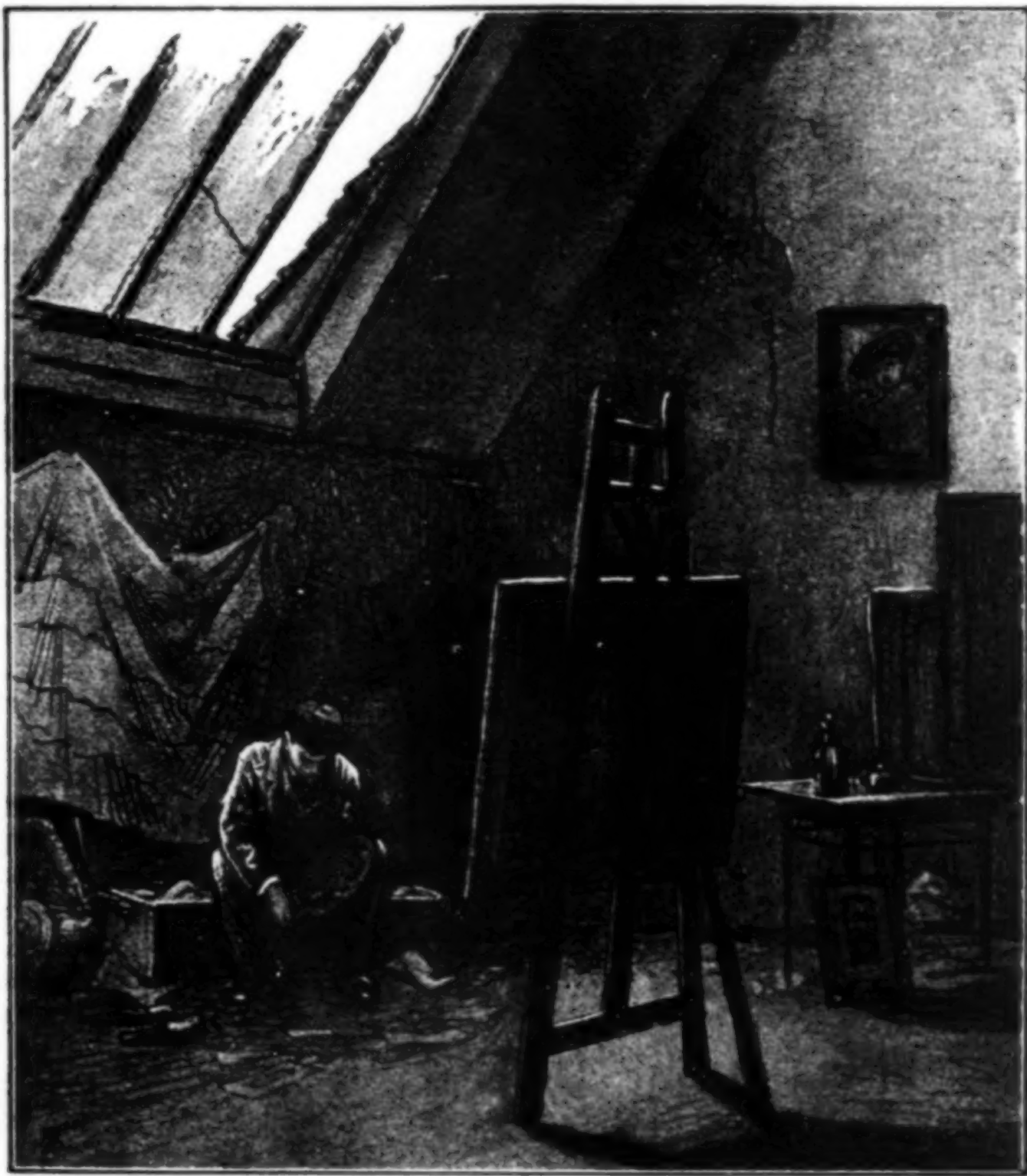
window. A thrill of horror went through his soul when he perceived that Jobson had christened her and priced her and labelled her. This was what he read on the ticket:

A HOTHOUSE FLOWER.

Original Oil Painting by W. Croft, in Superior Frame. Price £10 10s.

"It's more than she's worth," growled

knows what's what: make her a bit stouter and throw in a roguish eye, and she'll be worth another guinea each to the pair of us. A nod's as good as a wink, ain't it, Mr. C.?" said Mr. Jobson, who had catered long and successfully for the middle-class connoisseur of female beauty. At first, Walter had not listened to the voice of the charmer, Jobson; he knew that if you looked into Jobson's window, you always saw a sea piece by Mr. Roller;



WALTER'S STUDIO.

the young fellow bitterly as he went on his way; and within a fortnight he got a note from Jobson requesting him to call; and honest Jobson handed him five sovereigns and five shillings, and slapped him on the back, not metaphorically but actually. "You've begun well, my buck," said Jobson; "and I can get rid of as many as you like of the same little party at the same figure. But take a hint," said the genial Jobson, "from a man who

it was always pretty much the same sea piece; there were breakers, foam, sands, a thundery sort of sky, and from one to three sea gulls; sometimes there was a ship in the distance, sometimes there wasn't. The sea pieces by Roller were very capital, and to use Mr. Jobson's phrase, "they went off like hot buns;" but the astonishing thing about these sea pieces by Roller was, that if you went into Jobson's place and bought one and

took it away with you, five minutes afterwards another Richmond would appear in the field, to your intense surprise and disgust. They weren't painted by machinery, those sea pieces of Roller's, they were simply like the Corsican Brothers of the song, who

"Were so very much alike,
That you couldn't tell one from the other."

Say that Jobson sells three Rollers a-week; if he has been selling them for the past ten years at that rate, and it is pretty certain that he has, then there are fifteen hundred sea pieces by Roller, with breakers, foam, sands, a thundery sky with from one to three sea gulls and a possible ship in the distance—under these circumstances, even should Roller be highly appreciated after death, it is to be doubted if his works will go up in value very much; but if you, dear reader, happen to be the proprietor of a sea piece by Roller, all you've got to do is to keep away from Jobson's shop-window, fancy that yours is the only Roller in the world, and being a good picture and a showy picture, it'll be worth a hundred guineas at least—to you. It is possible, if a man goes on painting the same thing over and over again, that he will improve upon the original conception; but it is not likely that this result will be attained if the man knows that, however great the improvement, the payment will be the same; and this is why it is that the sea pieces by Roller, the still-life bits of the perennial brace of pheasants, the green earthenware jar, the bit of straw, and the two apples by Quelch; and the eternal village interior with the red brick floor, the rustic furniture and properties, which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, alter not, and the single rustic figure of a man or a woman, which do vary, though very slightly, by Waggle, still keep up to the same dead level of respectable mediocrity; and this is why Roller, Quelch and Waggle will never, any one of them, make any real progress or set the Thames on fire: but they are honest men, all three of them; they pay their way; Quelch is the vicar's churchwarden of his native parish, and you can't have anything much more respectable than that; it's respectable enough to be a churchwarden, but to be a vicar's churchwarden implies intense respectability. Now when Walter first made the acquaintance of Jobson, he was horrified at the idea of becoming, shall we

say, a manufacturer of *Hothouse Flowers*. Walter Croft had the very loftiest notions about art, and his noble soul revolted at the idea of becoming a dealer's drudge: he would not have fabricated an old master for untold gold; no, not if the whole of Wardour Street had gone on its bended knees to him. While the hundred and fifty pounds or so that had been saved out of the wreck lasted, Walter Croft had been a waiter upon Providence: he hoped that something would turn up. Then he painted a historical picture—subject, "The Great Tournament at Ashby de la Zouch;" he got the idea from Scott; he went to the British Museum and read the thing up like an honest man; he studied the armour of the period with fervent zeal; it took him exactly a year to paint the picture, and there were as many figures as in Mr. Frith's "Derby Day," *all in the correct costume of the period*. Then he asked John Milner to come and see it; he invited his old master by letter; the poor fellow's clothes were so worn and shabby that he hadn't the heart to call upon him, not that he minded Milner's seeing his poverty a bit, but he couldn't face the smart parlour-maid who, he knew, would open the door, and who had known him in the days of his splendour. Walter Croft now lived on a second floor in Portsmouth Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was a strange place for an artist to select; there was a big window to the one room Walter occupied which gave him a fairly good north light to work by; the fact that he only paid twenty pounds a year rent, and the big window, were the attractions to young Croft; he lived in Portsmouth Street because he was very poor and the place was very cheap.

There was a tortoise stove, there was an old tin-lined packing-case which contained lumps of coke to feed the stove; there was a mysterious piece of furniture of painted deal in one corner, which tried hard to pretend to be a chest of drawers, but which was in reality a shut-up bedstead. On the wall was Walter's *magnum opus*, "The Miller's Daughter"; there was the usual artistic lumber and the usual artistic litter; the innumerable studies that the young fellow had made for *The Tournament*, stuck there with drawing pins, almost papered the whitewashed walls; there was a little deal table, which was a painting table and also served as a dinner

table; there was an American leather easy chair, which wanted a castor, and there were three Windsor chairs of Spartan hardness; in the corner of the place stood a wash-stand of painted deal of the cheapest description, and an old solid leather portmanteau was all too large for Walter Croft's wardrobe; on the portmanteau was a bandbox, and the bandbox was the young painter's larder. Walter had dined on half-a-pound of sausages and some strong tea; he had cooked the sausages over a small paraffin stove, which stood upon the table, and the combined odour of paraffin and sausages had made the young fellow open the window. In the centre of the room, upon a very big easel, stood the picture of the Great Tournament at Ashby.

As yet, save the old charwoman who came once a week to sweep up the place, and the people who had posed for Walter and who, of course, don't count, no human eye but Walter's had viewed the great picture, and Walter was anxious for honest criticism upon which he could rely.

"It's a picter as is 'ard to understand, sir," Mrs. Grumley, the charwoman, had said, "and the more one looks at it, the more it confuses one, because, try as you will, you see, sir, you can't tell which side is a-winning; and as you gets on with it, sir, it gets more and more difficult for a poor old creature like me to understand; it's the sort of picter, sir, that my little boy, that died in the 'orspital, fifteen years come Whitsuntide, would have given his little ears for to see, sir, for he was just as fond of them gents in armour, sir, as you are, and he used to buy 'em, sir, with his pocket money, and stick 'em all over with spangles; and one of 'em I had framed, sir, is all I've got to remember by. Ah, I wish Jacky could have seed it, sir," said the old woman meditatively, as she stared at Walter's too ambitious effort. "Jacky he'd have took it all in, but it's beyond me, sir, that's what it is, for I can't grarsp it. You must have used a power of paints on that picter, sir."

Then Walter had confessed that he had used a power of paints, but it is to be doubted whether he was altogether satisfied with Mrs. Grumley's opinion.

"Perhaps it is a bit over the heads of the general public," he thought.

On this particular afternoon, when he

was awaiting the arrival of John Milner, the young fellow felt terribly anxious. He knew that he must not expect flattery from honest John, he felt as nervous as a girl; and he felt ashamed and unhappy, too, that Milner should see the barren squalor of his miserable home; he would much rather have taken the mountain to Mahommed; but even the most enthusiastic artist cannot walk the streets with a picture eleven feet by four under his arm.

There was a rapping of knuckles on his door.

"Come in," cried Walter, and John Milner entered the room. Walter invited Milner to take the seat of honour at once, and warned him that on account of the missing castor, he mustn't lean back.

"You've got a capital light here," said Milner cheerfully, after he had shaken hands with Walter, trying to make the best of things.

"Yes, the light's about the only thing in the place that I'm not ashamed of," replied the young man bitterly.

Then Milner's eye fell upon "The Miller's Daughter." He rose to his feet, walked up to it, examined it critically, and then, while he was lighting his pipe, he remarked cheerily to his pupil, "It isn't half a bad picture after all, Walter; they ought to have hung it, and that's the truth, my boy."

"No one will look at it," said Walter sadly. "I used to be able to pawn it for a five-pound note, but now that the frame has got knocked about, three guineas is the most that they'll lend upon it."

"Your portraits and your ideal female heads were always your strong points," said Milner consolingly. "A man should stick to what he does best, Walter."

"I suppose he should, Boss," said Walter Croft; "but I've forsaken portraiture altogether," he added, more briskly; "it's so difficult for a very young man to make his mark in portraiture. I've been trying an altogether different line, and I've put a whole year's work into it; and—and—and my new departure doesn't satisfy me, Boss," wailed out the poor young fellow; "and I knew you wouldn't mind coming down to look at it and telling me whether you think I ought to send it in or not. It's an ambitious subject," said Walter very humbly.

(To be continued.)

Editor's Gossip.

My space for this month's notes is limited so by the encroachment of the contents in this issue, that *multum in parvo* must be my motto. I wonder if an editor ever finds sufficient room at his command for the satisfying of his inner consciousness. I have scarcely ever completed a month's number of the LUDGATE MONTHLY without regretting the impossibility of squeezing the contents of about one hundred pages of matter into the sixty-four pages at my disposal. There are sure to be one or two articles or stories each month pressed out through want of space, and which one considers a thousand pities to leave over. I suppose, however, this would happen even if the magazine were double the present size.

* * *

I have arranged for a series of illustrated articles on our chief public schools, which I think will prove exceedingly interesting to many of my younger readers as well as their elders. The series commences in this number, under the title of "Young England at School," with Harrow School. The photographs were taken specially for the LUDGATE MONTHLY. Eton, Rugby and some of the other leading schools I hope to give in succeeding numbers.

* * *

The series of cricket articles will conclude for this season with Kent, which appears in the present issue. I should have much liked to have completed the list of first-class counties, but it is not possible. By the time this number is published the cricket season will have practically finished and the attention of those who follow our leading outdoor games will be fixed on football, and interest in cricket will be at an end.

* * *

Football is the game, *par excellence*, in the Midlands and North of England, and I shall endeavour, later in the year, to give photos of some of the leading teams. When two big clubs meet to contest the League Cup, the excitement displayed by the crowds of onlookers is immense and the varying fortunes of the game is followed with the closest attention from beginning to end. The gentler sex, too, appear to favour the game with their presence far more than they do cricket.

The reason of this, I believe, is that the broad principles of the game can be easily followed by the eye; no intricate details need mastering to enable the fair beholder to understand the outlines of the game. * * *

I am frequently receiving enquiries from subscribers as to the difficulty of obtaining binding cases for the LUDGATE MONTHLY from their booksellers. Now, there are booksellers and booksellers, which sapient expression means that when booksellers or newsagents are courteous, wide awake and up with the times, as most of them are, they will remember to execute their customers' orders, and so, when a binding case or other article is ordered, they will ask their wholesale agent to get it for them, and so please their customers; whereas, the *other* bookseller pretends to take the order down, and never orders it, but when his customer calls for it replies: "Oh, they are all sold out," or some equally plausible excuse. The customer then writes to the publishing office of the journal to give them a piece of his mind, and finds out that his bookseller has deceived him, and so transfers his custom elsewhere. There is a moral for the *other* bookseller here, which, "when found, please make a note of."

* * *

An Artificial Rain Company seems, at the first glance, rather a strange business to invest one's money in. There is, however, in the United States, a concern having for its object, as its name implies, the production of rain *for a consideration*. Say the farmers in a certain district have had enough dry weather and want a change: the Company is invited to turn on the rain. This they do by a series of explosions made in the district requiring to be watered. These explosions draw clouds to the spot, and in many cases a rainfall is the result. Maybe presently we may have a Company to turn off the rain, which, in England, would be sure of a fine field for its labours.

* * *

"Hinds," Chorley.—*I cannot say definitely, as the author is abroad, but I fancy he lived in Canterbury, and very likely knew the district but slightly.* "Sturgess," Devonport.—*Your suggestion is good, and may be carried out later. My difficulty is space, or rather, want of space.* To L. E., A. F. Yarmouth, Old Man, F. A. R. and Litt'e Jane, thanks for your letters.